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CURRENT COMMENT.

WE note with surprise the tenor of some of the press-dispatches that are coming out of Genoa. Speaking of the Allied Powers' horrified complaint that the Germans and Russians were guilty of unprofessional conduct in launching their alliance, a special dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* says: "Actually, as those familiar with the big-Power methods at earlier conferences are aware, the Germans were not far wrong in assuming that the Big Three intended to find, if possible, a solution of the Russian problem, and enforce it upon the conference without undue concern about the attitude of Germany or the smaller fry. Under the circumstances, Rathenau agreed to sign the treaty." True, of course—just at this point it was, we think, that Mr. Lloyd George, by his dalliance and shilly-shallying, overshot the mark and shot his grandmother—but what an admission for a housebroken correspondent to make, and for a metropolitan newspaper to print! The *Evening Post* squares itself, however, with such of its readers as either do not read the news or can not remember what they have read two pages back, by printing, in the same issue, a good, old-style editorial of the vintage of 1917, under the caption, "Germany Blunders Again"; so presumably, everybody is happy.

THEN too, our careful and vigilant old friend, the Associated Press, for once in its life made a shocking bad break. When the four big Allied Powers and their five little jackals sent their impudent note to the German delegation, ordering them out of the discussion of the Russian situation, they were most obviously doing a futile thing. The Germans already had their own arrangements made with Russia, so why should they have any interest in whatever arrangements might be hatched up by the conference? The Allied Powers, however, most noticeably did not send any such note to the Russians. Concerning this remarkable performance, the Associated Press said: "A note chiding them [the Russians] for having made the treaty with Germany, it is assumed, might have sent them flying back to Moscow. On this the Allied representatives seemingly did not wish to take any chances. They seem to have softened the blow to the Germans by sending mediators to tell them that it had been necessary to say hard things to them to keep peace among the Allied members, but that many of the delegates subscribing to the note did not mean any offence." This is the sort of

truth that usually leaks out from five to fifty years after the fact; and here we have it within twenty-four hours, and via the Associated Press at that! There surely seems to be some open diplomacy at Genoa!

COMMON sense furnishes irrefutable testimony that the Russo-German alliance is a move towards real peace, "a model for other nations to follow," as M. Rakovsky said. If any collateral testimony were needed, it would be supplied by the behaviour of the neutral nations. These suffered no end of loss and humiliation during the war, at the hands of the Allies; our Government's raw and red-handed theft of the Dutch ships was a fair sample of what they had to endure. They got their first free opportunity to speak their mind when the split came at Genoa; and they spoke out flatly in favour of the Russians and Germans, and against the operations of the Allied steam-roller. The major Allied Powers and the Little Entente sent an ultimatum to Germany demanding that she either renounce her alliance or withdraw from the commission appointed to deal with the Russian situation. This was characteristic impudence, as they represented no officially organized body within the conference. The neutrals promptly resented this, and ranged themselves on the side of Germany and Russia. Our notion is that these neutrals will yet further be heard from in a significant way, just as soon as they can see their next step in safety. They had to pay a pretty good price for their neutrality, and it would not be human nature if they did not lend a hand to making their Allied oppressors sweat.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S cleverness and resourcefulness at the Genoa conference are being vigorously touted here and there, but to tell the truth, he has rather disappointed us and has by no means cut the figure we expected. The conference was his own hand-picked affair, and is really proceeding, we think, in the general direction he meant it to take; but it is neither proceeding at his speed nor under his control. He is obviously "going along," much like the farmer who yoked himself with a young steer to do some plowing. Maximilian Harden has his measure; he calls him "a great man in small methods," and that, we believe, is about the most that can be said for him. Unquestionably it is a severe blow to him that Germany slipped ahead of England into the position of most favoured nation with reference to Russian trade; but sooner or later, it was bound to happen. The Russian delegation was out, as Lenin frankly said "not as Communists but as tradesmen, needing trade with other countries and trying to get the best bargains, like all the others." Germany was on all grounds, even those of sentiment, prepared to offer the squarest bargain, and accordingly the inevitable arrangement was made.

AGAIN M. Chicherin is saying that Soviet Russia will waive all sorts of technicalities and grant all sorts of concessions for foreign capital. He draws alluring pictures of the great natural wealth in the region of the Obi and Irkutsk rivers, wherever that is, and says that its development is just the task for the pioneer American spirit, and so forth and so on. We have heard all that before. For a year or more these brethren have periodically turned loose a flood of very prosperous talk about concessions and the terms they are willing to make with foreign capital, and the papers have printed whole columns of it, but somehow we never yet heard of anybody (with one very

insignificant exception) who ever actually landed one of those concessions. How about this? We know plenty who have gone after them, and some who reported that they were right up to the point of having the papers signed, but somehow the concessions always seemed to tire out on the home-stretch and never quite crossed the line. Only the other day, too, the newspapers had it all settled that the Russians were going to return all the nationalized industrial property to its alien owners; and now it turns out that they are not going to surrender ownership at all, but merely lease them out. We are losing faith in our Russian friends; their conduct reminds us of the scandalous and reprehensible breach of confidence committed by the small boy on the first of April with a pocketbook and a long thread, and, commercially speaking, we are off them for life.

Now that the gentlemen who direct our foreign policy have succeeded in piloting our affairs into the storm-swept, reef-strewn seas of foreign alliances, they appear to be preparing the public mind for the prohibition of criticism of any foreign Government with which they have associated themselves. In a recent speech on the Pacific coast, Mr. Elihu Root hinted at the propriety of punishment for Americans who indulge in such criticism. Mr. Hughes, addressing the Daughters of the American Revolution, that organization which is conspicuous for its distrust of any revolutionary idea later than those of the eighteenth century, was more cautious than Mr. Root, but he dwelt with Kaiserlike emphasis on the enormity of any plain citizen speaking harshly of Governments abroad. "Let it be understood," declared Mr. Harding's master-statesman, "that those who indulge in diatribes against foreign peoples and their Governments, who hold them up to ridicule, who impute to them base motives and asperse their honour, are enemies first of their own country, and as such deserve universal censure."

COMING down to cases, one wonders what Mr. Hughes would propose to do, for instance, with the editor who might intimate that the actions of the Japanese Government in Shantung and Eastern Siberia are not inspired wholly by altruism; that the policies of the British Government in Egypt, India and Ireland have not always been directed by the spirit of brotherly love; that the maintenance by the French Government of an army of nearly a million men does not wholly represent benevolence. Old-fashioned Americans, if any are left, may well believe that the control of our foreign policy is already sufficiently irresponsible, without the setting up of a ukase against animadversions directed at Governments other than those officially designated as fair game. Since the piping times of war, when our higher jobholders appropriated to themselves the principle of divine right, they have shown an increasing impatience with articulate opposition from those whose function, in their view, is merely to ante up for their vicious extravagances. This is natural and inevitable; for how can our statesmen properly conduct the international dickers, deals, bargains and arrangements necessary to American privilege and imperialism, unless American citizens are reduced to the status of mute and docile American subjects?

A MILD wonder seems to pervade a section of the British press concerning the £1,300,000 paid out by the British Government in support of the heroic refugees of the Denikin and Wrangel armies, which so ably contributed to the economic disintegration of Russia, in accordance with Mr. Winston Churchill's humane plan. It appears that these unemployed alien veterans received from the British taxpayers £1, 1s., 7d. each per week; for a wife each received as much again, and for each child 14s., 3½d. extra. At the same time, the Government allowance for unfortunate British citizens unable to earn a livelihood, largely because of the demoralization their Government was fostering in Russia and sundry other places, was 15s. for a man, 5s. for a wife, and 1s. each for children. A comparison of these figures must be a great incentive to

patriotism, both among those British citizens for whom there is no work, and among their more prosperous countrymen who must submit to crushing taxation to meet both allowances, and in addition, to maintain in the wastrel style to which it is accustomed, the Government responsible for this distressing situation.

WE wonder if our readers recall the fact that a conference of diplomats was held in Washington during the winter of 1921-22? And do they remember also Baron Shidehara's declaration that "it is the fixed and settled policy of Japan to respect the territorial integrity of Russia, and to observe the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of the country"? It is part of our business to make inopportune and tactless references to things that might more conveniently be forgotten; and now, accordingly, when the air is full of reports of Japanese military activities in Siberia, we take great pleasure in recalling the Baron's declaration of policy, together with all the multifarious labours of the conference for the solution of the problems of the Pacific. Some of the conferees did not altogether approve of the refusal of the Japanese Government to fix a date for the withdrawal of its armies from Siberia; but why should the jealous Governments have expected a voluntary withdrawal from Siberia, when their own troops are scattered all over the map—all over Haiti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Cuba, Nicaragua, Panama, and the Philippines, for example; and what have these Governments done to better the case of Soviet Russia, and the Far Eastern Republic, the only Powers that can bring about an involuntary withdrawal of the Japanese forces from Siberia? Yes, Japan should perhaps be rebuked; but let the Government that is without sin write the first note.

THERE seems to be no form of larceny too petty, no yield of blackmail too contemptible, to escape the interested attention of the United States Congress. The ten-dollar passport-fee is an eminent case in point. This sorry graft showed a clear profit of over two million dollars for the first year. The point is that as long as such a profit can be made out of passports, the passport-requirements will be maintained as long as possible. Other countries, partly by way of retaliation and partly from the desire to stand in on a good thing, have raised their consular fees for *visas* to the same figure, thereby establishing a similar vested interest in the maintenance of this peculiarly aggravating obstacle to international peace and good will. Such are the ways of these brethren who talk at such a rate about the re-establishment of peace upon earth! When they abolish the passport and its kindred hatred-breeder, the custom-house, this paper will find itself prepared to lend a more respectful ear to their professions. As it is, when anyone who is as much as half a man, shows a passport or files a customs-declaration, he does so with murder in his heart; and this is no kind of spirit out of which to build any sort of real international comity.

DID anyone notice the curious coincidence, reported in the newspapers, 18 April, that as soon as the Russo-German alliance was announced, Brother Hoover broke the glad tidings that famine-conditions in Russia were greatly improving, and that probably not all of the twenty-million-dollar Congressional appropriation would be needed? Article II of the Russo-German treaty renounces all German claims for expropriations and the like, "provided the Soviet Government shall not satisfy similar claims made by any third State." A Washington dispatch of the same day remarks that claims of this order now pending before the United States Government come to a total of \$800 million. This total, the dispatch says, will no doubt be greatly scaled down if actual negotiations ever take place; but that is the present figure, in round numbers. Now, what we should like to know is whether any of these claims represent property in which Mr. Hoover is either actually or sentimentally interested. Our curiosity on this point is sharpened to a fine edge by a dispatch published two days later, which states that according to Dr. Nansen's representative in the Ukraine, famine-con-

ditions there are becoming more terrible each day, and that by 1 May, 5,500,000 people will be starving.

AMONG all the statements that have been put out recently, on the subject of the character of General Gregory Semenov, it seems to us that the declarations which emanate from President David P. Barrows, of the University of California, are by all odds the most impressive. President Barrows saw service in Siberia as a colonel in the American army, and while in the East, he came into personal contact with the hetman of the Cossacks. He says that in April and May, 1918, General Semenov "appeared to be the one Russian military leader in Siberia, courageous and determined enough to continue fighting for the Allied cause. . . . [He] was a severe disciplinarian and merciless in his warfare on the Bolsheviks, and must be judged accordingly. Much of his severity would not be countenanced by American public opinion." It is countenanced, however, by Mr. Barrows, for in another statement he says: "General Semenov is a human brute, a man to whom death is a jest. . . . I do not want to appear to defend Semenov. *Neither do I want to condemn him.*"

WE do not wish to make too much of all this; but we feel constrained to emphasize the fact that the author of these statements is unwilling to pass an unfavourable judgment upon the actions of a man whom he himself characterizes as "a human brute"; not only that, but every word in his statements exhibits a tendency to extenuate barbarities committed in the Allied cause. Finally, we would call attention to the fact that President Barrows is the responsible head of the largest State university in America, and thus may be properly paired with President Butler, the skipper of the largest of our private universities. If our readers will consider the qualifications and capabilities of these two teachers of the young, they will begin to understand why it is that we are sometimes a bit pessimistic about the quality of the higher education in America.

THE case of our erring brother Semenov has been of considerable public service in once more hauling out for general inspection the diplomatic status of the egregious Bakhmetiev. Mr. Hughes wrote a letter last week to vice-President Coolidge, which committed the State Department to the stand that M. Bakhmetiev is the official Russian ambassador, and therefore not liable to subpoena. For sheer monstrous absurdity, we doubt whether this attitude has a historical parallel. The Government which Bakhmetiev represented has been dead five years; the Government which overthrew it has long been recognized as *de facto* by England, Germany, Italy and Spain, and is now on the point of compelling all-round recognition as *de jure*. Yet Mr. Hughes commits himself and his Department to the preposterous proposition that Bakhmetiev's status, which he had from the ephemeral Kerensky regime, remains unimpaired! Our firm belief is that Mr. Hughes would go a great deal farther than this to keep M. Bakhmetiev off the stand; and with mighty good reason. Bakhmetiev knows a great deal about the inside history of the United States Government's attitude towards Soviet Russia, and the chances are that he would be an embarrassing witness. We hope and trust that Senator Borah will keep this unsavoury mess in motion until its fragrance strikes the nostrils of the Board of Health.

SENATOR BORAH is, in our opinion, as much of a man as a man can be who labours under the disabling conviction that politics really counts, or can be made to count, for the good of a nation. His judgment on public affairs is also as good as that of anyone who either knows nothing of fundamental economics, or, if he has such knowledge, does not know what to do with it. We are immensely delighted with his reply to a blackmailing telegram from the American Legion post of Pocatello, Idaho, which threatened to drive him out of public life unless he joined in the infamous raid upon the Treasury contemplated by the bonus measure. He said: "I have not much respect for the man

who buys office, even though he pays for it with his own money. But the most slimy creature which disgraces American politics is the man who buys office by paying for it with appropriations out of the public Treasury, and charges his venal political obligations to the taxpayers." Such observations are good to hear. If Mr. Borah wishes to be re-elected this autumn, we more or less perfunctorily hope he may attain his desires; we would even offer to go out and stump his State for him, if we were not pretty sure that our services would be rather a liability than an asset; yet if he were demoted upwards into the relative decencies of private life, we are free to say that they are none too good for him.

THAT excellent story-teller, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is here on a lecturing-tour for the reassurance of his American cousins concerning the reality of life after death. He tells in remarkable detail what heaven is like, and charts, with extraordinary minuteness, the progress of the released soul. On the whole, it is a consoling picture, but not particularly interesting. One is bound to say that one misses the literary skill and resourcefulness of the creator of Sherlock Holmes. Concerning the style and subject-matter of the spiritistic communications that Sir Arthur divulges, we must regretfully say that in point of sheer interest, we would rather have one hour's speech with Sherlock upon earth than a whole eternity of such conversation with the spirits of just men made perfect. However, we speak diffidently of all these matters. We do not know where Sir Arthur got his information about heaven, or how authentic and reliable it is; but we are not in a position to gainsay it, because we ourselves have no information whatever. We get the impression from Sir Arthur that the social and occupational interests of individual life go on in the next life much as in this; and those who have read the conversations which Artemus Ward carried on with the spirit of William Tompkins, who was formerly his partner in the show business, will at once recall a striking anticipation of this view.

For our part, when confronted with these popular expositions of spiritism, we take refuge in the sound reverent faith and imperturbable good sense of Goethe, and try to make them, as much as may be, our own. He says: "I could in no wise dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and indeed, I could say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead even for this life, who have no hope for another. But such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts if made the theme of daily meditation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs thereupon. The occasion of Tiedge's 'Urania' led me to observe that piety has its pretensions to aristocracy, no less than noble blood. I met stupid women who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much catechising on this point. They were vexed by my saying that I should be well pleased to be ushered into a future state after the close of this, only I hoped I should there meet none of those who had believed in it here. For how I should be tormented! The pious would throng around me and say, 'Were we not right? Did we not foresee it? Has not it happened just as we said?' And so there would be ennui without end, even in the next world."

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ISHMAEL & ISHMAEL, INC.

FOR the first time in many a tedious year, a sensible thing has come out of the councils of Europe. It has come by way of action, prompt and decisive action, and not by way of words and wind; and it has come from the only people who have shown any sense of reality in international transactions since the autumn of 1917—the Soviet Government of Russia.

The logic of the situation has been apparent ever since the end of the war. The thing needed was peace, real peace; and the way to seek that peace was to ensue it. But this is just what the Allied Governments would not do. The case demanded action; peace could not be talked into existence, or conferred into existence, or bluffed into existence. It could only come to pass through measures really meant and calculated to produce peace. The Allied Governments had not the intelligence, the integrity of purpose, the high-mindedness or the essential soundness of character necessary to formulate such measures. Hence the world has had to wait in anxiety and distress until those who were able to think straight and act straight could also put themselves into a position to enforce their will upon those who have for three years shown themselves conspicuously unable to do either.

The treaty of Versailles was not a treaty of peace and could not produce peace; peace simply could not prevail under its provisions. The only thing to do with it was to get it out of the way as soon as possible. Every one should have recognized it at once as unworkable, unjust, monstrous. What was needed was to wipe out every vestige of the past at once, and start afresh. Nothing short of this would answer. But again the world had to wait until the sheer force of circumstances drove this fact through the adamant selfishness and stupidity of the Allied Governments. The treaty of Versailles made an Ishmael of Germany, an Ishmael of Russia; and it took three years to show the Allied politicians that as long as this policy held, the rest of the world would go steadily from bad to worse. The Allied Governments obstinately resisted the demands of reason, they set themselves pertinaciously against the testimony of fact and of common sense alike, until the time came when it was no longer possible to do so.

Then the Genoa conference was called, chiefly on the motion of Mr. Lloyd George. The peculiar situation of England with reference to industry and commerce had caused Mr. George to see the light. We shall always believe that he went to Genoa determined to bring all possible pressure to bear in favour of Germany and Russia. It is no credit to him to say this, for there was no other course open to a sane man. One may not be on speaking terms with one's neighbours, but when one's house takes fire, one calls on them for help. Russia and Germany were invited in as equals; their Ishmaelite status was definitely abrogated. We believe that Mr. George intended to play a straight game; that he was fully convinced of the futility and impracticability of maintaining any longer the policy expressed in the treaty of Versailles, and really wanted to see the treaty disappear under the solvent of a brand-new spirit and method. But, in the first place, Mr. George has not played a straight game in so long that his hand is out, and he hardly knows the moves; second, he was, as he has so often been, a little late; and, third, the Russians and Germans knew quite well that his hand was forced, and pre-

sumably they felt no particular alacrity about helping him make a virtue of necessity. Hence, when they discovered that they were not in the conference on terms of equality, and that there was at least an extremely conspicuous appearance of an attempt to put them at a disadvantage, they lost no time in announcing that they had set up an alliance of their own; which was tantamount to an announcement that they are masters of the situation, as indeed they are. The treaty of Versailles is now so much waste paper.

Considered as an alliance, the new firm of Ishmael & Ishmael, Inc., is no very interesting theme for discourse. In itself, it means no more to us than any other alliance. What interests us is that it is the kind of alliance that really makes for peace and prosperity. It cancels all obligations arising out of the war; it is an agreement of frank repudiation, wiping the slate clean. This is a practical and extremely impressive example of the kind of thing that must take place among other nations as an inexorable condition of peace; and the longer other nations delay and shilly-shally about following that example, the worse for them, and the better for the new alliance. One of our contemporaries remarks that this repudiation actually amounts to little, because the Russian and German claims arising out of the war represent mere stage-money. Very well; suppose they do. But what else do the inter-Allied claims represent? What do the claims for indemnity under the treaty of Versailles represent? Is anyone at this late day so sanguine as to suppose that the French debt, yes, even the British debt, to the United States, for example, is now or ever will be anything but stage-money? It is all stage-money, every soumarquee; yet it is the consideration of all those masses of stage-money which has hitherto largely withstood a move towards real peace. The merit of the Russo-German agreement is that it deliberately makes a bonfire of one mass of stage-money, and thereby lays down a most serious challenge not only to the integrity but also to the sanity of other Governments which do not at once do likewise.

Then, furthermore, it is a gratifying and hopeful thing that the direction of European political development has at last definitely passed into the hands of men who have a different and better order of ability than that which marks the mere vote-getter. Hence, too, there is now for the first time an excellent chance not only that the old diplomacy will go, but that a new standard of public morals will be set up and that ordinary honesty may begin to prevail in the practice of international relations. Those who have followed the press-dispatches from Genoa will have remarked how regularly and effectively the Russians have challenged every diplomatic fiction and convention; how freely they have advertised their position and intentions; and how ludicrously incompetent were the attempts of their adversaries to meet their statements. If one chose to dwell on the humour of the scene, one could never exhaust it; nothing like it was ever seen. But although this aspect of the conference is highly attractive, one must not let it obscure the fact that really great and notable things have taken place.

The Russians and Germans, in short, have done the things that the Allied Governments have talked about doing. The Allied Powers have talked about restoring the peace of Europe, and worked all the time against it; the Russians and Germans have made a practical beginning in the only way whereby peace can ever be restored—by wiping out the past and entering into the most complete economic relationship. Mr. Wilson talked about open diplomacy; the Russians practise it.

The Allied Powers talk about "refunding" various masses of worthless paper; the Germans and Russians touch a match to theirs. The Allied Powers talk about the economic reconstruction of Europe and propose this or that "economic conference"; the Germans and Russians make practical economic agreements of a kind which all Europe must sooner or later adopt. The one set of men talks the jargon of traditional statecraft; the other talks the language of fact and common sense.

So there, men and brethren, is a start towards real peace, marked by the destruction of the treaty of Versailles. It remains to be seen whether the other Governments of Europe will follow at once, or will prefer to keep on as they are going. Two of them, at least, we believe—England and Italy—will lose precious little time about stepping along, for "needs must when the devil drives." Turkey, no doubt, is already virtually in at the outset. Meanwhile, the press has elicited a declaration from the White House that the alliance between Russia and Germany "means nothing to the United States"; and this is a wholly natural and characteristic statement, and quite to be expected.

THE MITTEL-EURASIAN BLOC.

If any of our readers is inclined to believe that all the fun in the world is concentrated for the time being at Genoa, we would respectfully invite his attention to the fact that Mr. Alexander K. Paikess, plenipotentiary extraordinary of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Government, is at this moment engaged in a more or less humorous conversation with Dr. W. W. Yen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Peking. We do not know what Mr. Paikess and Dr. Yen are saying to each other; no, not exactly; but we will gamble on it, that on the day after the publication of the Russo-German agreement, their table-talk was better worth listening to than it was on the day before.

We imagine that the pleasantries exchanged by the Chinese and the Russians at Peking are not very different from those which passed between the Germans and the Russians at Rapallo, and before that, at Berlin. Where Russia and China are concerned, Japan of course takes the place of France as the most odious nation; but it is not to be forgotten that in the East as well as in the West, the other Powers, including the United States, are in the bad books of the negotiators, for these Powers, one and all, have permitted, promoted and participated in a policy of aggression which has driven Russia and Germany into an alliance that may shortly extend from the Rhine to the Yellow Sea.

If it had been possible to publish, some little time ago, a statement of the terms of the Russian offer to Germany, for comparison with the conditions of the treaty of Versailles, and the demands which France, in particular, has based upon this treaty, it seems to us that any sane man could have foretold which way Germany would turn. Fortunately for us, it happens that it is possible at this time to make such a comparative showing of the terms that Russia has offered to China, and the terms that Japan, with the knowledge and consent of the Allied Powers, has imposed upon her.

For the purposes of this comparison, we may disregard all the less dramatic attacks upon the Chinese people, and concentrate our attention upon the "twenty-one demands" which were enforced upon China in 1915, and left intact by the diplomats lately assembled in conference at Washington (may the Lord have

mercy on their souls!). As the result of these sins of commission and omission, Japan's control of Port Arthur and Dalny, and of certain vitally important railways in Manchuria, has been extended for a period of ninety-nine years; and at the same time the Japanese have acquired the power to prevent other foreigners from building railways, or loaning money for railway-building, in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. In addition, the Chinese Government is pledged to make one of the chief mining and milling companies of the country a privileged "joint concern" of China and Japan, and to grant to Japanese nationals the right to open the mines in the provinces referred to above. Finally, in order that there may be no embarrassing interference with these economic arrangements, the Chinese are prohibited from appointing political, financial or military advisers or instructors for service in the region named, without first consulting Japan.

If it be said that some of the Powers have favoured a somewhat more gentle treatment of China, the indirect but sufficient answer is that not all the Governments of Europe were so exorbitant in their demands upon Germany, as was the French Government; and yet Germany has turned to Russia. The contrast between Soviet Russia's offer to China, and the twenty-one demands is even more striking than that between the new Russo-German agreement, and the treaty of Versailles as interpreted by France. The following quotation from the Russian note to China will perhaps suffice to make this plain:

The Government of the Soviet returns to the Chinese people, without demanding any kind of compensation, the Chinese Eastern Railway as well as all the concessions, mineral, forestry, gold-mines and others which have been snatched from them by the Government of Kerensky, and the brigands, Horvath, Semenov, Kolchak, the Russian ex-generals, merchants and capitalists.

Some question has been raised as to the authenticity of the note which contains this declaration. However the question is hardly worth debating, for in the treaties already signed with Turkey and with Persia, the Soviet Government has demonstrated the quality of its foreign policy. Article VI of the Russo-Turkish treaty of 16 March, 1921, says: "the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic declares that it considers Turkey to be relieved of all financial and other obligations based upon international agreements formerly concluded between Turkey and the Tsarist Government." In the Russo-Persian treaty of 26 February, 1921, the Soviet Government pronounces "all tractates, treaties, conventions and agreements concluded by the late Tsarist Government with Persia, and tending to the diminution of the rights of the Persian people, completely null and void"; and further than this, the Soviet Government specifically repudiates the policy of imperialism, and "gratuitously hands over as the absolute property of the Persian people" a number of railways and telegraph and telephone lines formerly under Russian control.

Such are the performances of Japan and of Russia, upon which China may base her expectations. Some of the other Governments have remonstrated with Japan, rather feebly, just as they remonstrated with France; but has Britain given up the concessions and the colonies which she pilfered from China and from Germany; has the American Government returned the stolen property of German citizens, or ceased for one moment to promote the operations of the consortium-bankers in China? Russia offers to China the thing that she offered to Germany—a clean slate and a new beginning. No Power that covers this offer can be

prevented from sitting in on the new game; and no Power that will not cover it, can properly complain of the exclusiveness of the players.

A GAME THAT DOES NOT PAY.

THIS paper, as our readers long ago discovered, is utterly opposed to that great game known as modern imperialism. We do not share, however, the views of our sentimental contemporaries who seem to imagine that the yellow man or the black man would be an altogether marvellous and lovable creature if the white man would cease from troubling him. We suspect, on the contrary, that without the white man's guidance in matters of organization and economy, he would have remained in the state of feudalism or barbarism in which he was discovered long ago. We do not mean by this that the exploiting white man has consciously done him many good turns; but, incidental to the process of exploitation, there has gone forward an education of the "backward races" in the technique of organization, especially for military purposes, which in no long time may place European civilization at the mercy of Asia and Africa. The grounds of our opposition to imperialism do not involve the condemnation of the white man or the exaltation of the yellow and black. Neither is there anything Tolstoyan about it. We are not, we hope, mollycoddles. We have, it is true, some sentiment against war, but we do not adduce it as an argument. We dislike war, but we are not dismayed by its horrors, nor alarmed at the wreckage which it brings in its train.

Some time ago, we recounted our objections to imperialism on the ground that it makes life a very dull and uninteresting affair. We now say, further, that we are against imperialism for the simple reason that imperialism is not necessary to national existence and does not pay the nation that engages in it—we mean, pay in cold dollars. There is something ludicrous about the current faith in imperialism. If a banker invests a million dollars in backing up a domestic industry from which he hopes to make a reasonable return, and it happens that he guesses wrong, he can not rush to Washington, gain the sympathetic ear of the State Department, and get the army and the navy to return his money safe and sound with interest. If, however, he engages in a cheap and dirty intrigue with some political adventurers in a backward place on the earth's surface, and stakes a million dollars on a forlorn hope, with a view to making from twenty to fifty per cent, he is a national hero. If he loses his money by backing the wrong adventurers, Washington will order out the navy and the marines, at the expense of the taxpayers, and spend two millions, to say nothing of the blood shed, in helping the gambler and confidence man to collect interest and principal. If there is nothing about that to strike the risibles of the ordinary reader or the practical, hard-headed Rotarian, then there is no hope for this country and we might as well fall back on Juvenal.

We do not believe in imperialism, and by imperialism we mean governmental support for bankers, merchants, and manufacturers in pushing their business in all parts of the world and governmental aid in grabbing territories when they can not win trade fairly. We have no objection, under certain circumstances, to seizing unoccupied territories, no matter who owns them, if the purpose is to make dwelling-places for our nationals; but we do object to seizing lands already overcrowded for the purpose of making the inhabitants buy our hatchets, stove-pipe

hats, wooden nutmegs and celluloid collars. We believe in a land-policy which will break the grip of monopoly; and in encouragement, if encouragement must be given to anyone, to domestic investors rather than to gamblers in foreign stakes. To us, the feverish extension of markets simply means more plutocrats and more alien labour crowded into our industrial slums; and the country now enjoys, in our judgment, quite enough of both.

But the reader may say that all this is academic. Is the United States an imperialist nation? Does our Government contemplate entering into strenuous rivalry with the imperialist nations of Europe? Did not the Washington conference bear witness to its sincere interest in the pacific adjustment of international disputes?

The answer is clear. This country now possesses more than half of the world's gold. It has a navy almost equal to that of the Mistress of the Seas. It has a merchant marine built at the taxpayers' expense and transferred to private parties, to be sustained also at the taxpayers' expense. It has an industrial equipment large enough to manufacture for half mankind. It is the world's first investment-banker. It has stakes in every country in the world. In a word, the United States now overshadows Great Britain in all the forms of imperialist operation. Nobody who has given half a minute's time away from his morning newspaper to do a little thinking on his own account, can doubt that.

The Washington conference? In our opinion, that was the first manifestation of American imperialist power on a world-scale. Though called amid a furor about peace and disarmament, it had absolutely no relation to either of them. For this we have official authority. President Harding, with unusual clearness, gave the whole game away in his speech to the Senate, 9 February, 1922. He said: "With Europe prostrate and penitent, none feared the likelihood of early conflict there. But the Pacific had its menaces. Our territorial interests are larger there. . . . We covet the possessions of no other Power in the Far East and know for ourselves that we crave no further or greater governmental or territorial responsibilities there. Contemplating what is admittedly ours, and mindful of a long-time and reciprocal friendship with China, we do wish the opportunity to continue the development of our trade peacefully and on equality with other nations." There you are! Europe is a bankrupt; the East has its menaces; "we" want no more territories there, but "we" want "our" trade, and "we" intend to have it.

The East undoubtedly has its menaces. Japan, on the ground, looks upon American pretensions under the Monroe Doctrine, and devises a Monroe Doctrine of her own. She has special interests in the East: So has England. In Asia, both of them have long been accustomed to grabbing anything and everything in sight. They are both imperialists at large. They want more territories, more spheres of control, more trade-monopolies. These things interfere with "our" trade. Moreover, England and Japan were allies. The United States, though soon to be supreme on the sea, could not hope to whip both of them in a stand-up-and-knock-out fight on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Talk about our "friendship for China" is of course for the simple-minded. We do not like the Chinese any more than we do the Hindus or the Choctaws—let our Pacific coast bear witness. But, so help us Heaven, we are going to have that trade! We are going to have it, if it costs the American taxpayers fifty billions in

treasure and the youth of America a million lives. "We"—who are "we"?

The East has its menaces, yes, but for whom? In the midst of the miles of printed matter that streamed from the presses of the daily and weekly journals during the conference, we saw not one pointed question that went to the heart of the whole business. Talk, talk, talk, about rights, duties, peace, public opinion, honour, integrity, open door, international righteousness, disarmament, enlightened foreign policies, etc., but not one word about who "we" are, and what "we" want, and what it will cost the taxpayers and fighting men to get it for "us."

The Washington conference, like the Algeciras conference in relation to Morocco, was the preliminary to the division of the spoils of the Orient. American, Japanese, English, and French monopolists, hungry as wolves, look on the Chinese fold, just as French, German, and English monopolists looked upon the Moroccan fold. The wise men at Algeciras tried to divide the spoils by the use of rhetoric; but the French, being on the ground, went straight ahead with the work of gathering in everything that was not spiked down. "The Triumph of Peaceful Counsels at Algeciras!" screamed all the head-lines on the morning after the Algeciras conference. Frenzied editors wrote their reams of futile words. Well, it was a triumph for peace—a grand one! It gave the Powers of Europe eight additional years to prepare for war, so that when war came it was all the more ghastly.

"The East has its menaces." These words should be blazoned on the heart of every American citizen who does not want American monopolists (and the American Government as their bouncer and plug-ugly) to involve this country in a web of intrigues and obligations which will bring down upon our heads the curses of ten thousand dying men. We do not allege one single sentimental objection against fighting. We even concede, for the sake of argument, that fighting would be justified, if it paid. Our contention is that imperialism does not pay anybody except investment-bankers, plutocrats, and war-profiters. They are richer at the end of imperialist wars, but the masses, the humble taxpayers, are poorer in blood and treasure, just as the masses of this country now are, and for a long time will be.

THE EASIER WAY.

It is to be hoped that the differences of opinion that have arisen over the question of legal equality for women may lead to a better understanding of the meaning of equality. Unfortunately, at present, the issue is not clearly drawn. The National Woman's party, which aims to remove the sex-discriminations that still remain in force, seeks at the same time to preserve the laws regulating the employment of women in industry. By this departure from theoretical equality, it is hoped to meet the criticism of those who fear that women will lose their present slender defences against industrial exploitation if they are given the legal status of men. The discussion therefore turns upon the security afforded by a safeguarding clause in the so-called Blanket Bill, and resolves itself into a question of methods rather than of principles. But the contention of the Consumers' League, that it is worth while to give up absolute freedom of contract for the sake of laws shortening the working-hours and establishing minimum-wage commissions, brings out the point that we have in mind.

Why does it seem necessary to limit individual freedom by legislation? Why are not employer and em-

ployed competent to determine their own interests? The answer is, of course, that workers are more or less at the mercy of employers, who must be compelled by law to provide sanitary workshops, to make provision for the health and comfort of employees, and to pay something approaching a "living wage." But this answer only raises the further question of the way whereby employers obtain this tyrannical power. Wage-earners do not voluntarily work for a pittance which has no recognizable relation to the wealth produced by their exertions; women do not willingly work long hours and undergo hardships; parents do not force their children to work unless they themselves are driven by necessity to disregard their natural instincts. It may be added in parenthesis that employers who appear callous are themselves probably acting under some compulsion of necessity. The important thing to discover is whether the condition which produces such unfortunate results is remediable or not. If it is in the nature of things; if, as some say, the race is to the strong; if half-wit must serve his brother, as Huxley contended; it would seem that the great mass of workers could do no better than to wring concessions little by little from their employers with the ultimate hope of being as well cared for as the slaves of a prudent and intelligent master. But if the philosophers who speak of equal rights are worthy of credence, if the power to exploit human beings is derived from imperfect laws which can be repealed, the actual remedy for social ills is close at hand.

No one questions the benevolent intention of regulations framed to protect women and children engaged in industry, to prevent their being overworked and underpaid and finally cast helpless upon the community with their vital forces prematurely exhausted. But when one embarks on a course, it is well to know whither one is going; whether in the direction of a fuller and happier life and a freer society, or towards an existence mapped and regulated by egregious persons who get themselves elected or appointed to the innumerable departments and commissions of a paternalistic Government. Does one offer to men and women the hope of an opportunity for the expression of personality, and for the exercise of responsibility, or merely ask them to be satisfied with a regulated existence, secure as regards a minimum satisfaction of the more immediate human needs, but unpleasantly reminiscent of slavery?

It may be remarked in passing that it was not simply a desire to vote that inspired the long struggle for equal suffrage, but a sense of wrong because of the denial of political equality; and the struggle also suggested a determination to use the ballot in order to obtain social and industrial equality for women. It is significant that the primary purpose was achieved by repealing legal privileges, and enacting in their place laws which recognize the principle of equality. To abandon this rule now, and have recourse to special laws, would seem in the nature of a retrograde movement. When women have secured equality with men they have done all that, as women, they can do. The problems that confront them from that point on, are problems common to both sexes, and should be studied in that light. Men and women engaged in industry are equally subject to exploitation; and if their misfortunes have a common origin they will doubtless yield to a common remedy. When we have abolished the privileges which give men an unfair power over women, we are confronted with the greater task of abolishing the privileges that give some human beings an unfair advantage over others.

It is not our purpose to attempt an enumeration of the many laws that infringe the right of equal freedom and concentrate power in the hands of a possessing class; but rather to recall the presence of such laws in the overloaded statute-books, and to suggest their bearing on the discussion we have outlined. Take, for instance, the competition among labourers: when the demand for labour is greater than the supply, the workers can make their own terms, because employers then have to bid against one another, and are obliged to make the conditions of employment as attractive as possible. This paper is credulous enough to believe that this would normally be the case but for the legal privilege which permits the rent of land to be treated as a private monopoly, in consequence of which the land itself is turned into a speculative commodity instead of being put to its most productive use. Thanks to this arrangement, artificial and arbitrary in its nature, instead of natural resources being in fact a resource to all—nature's own employment-agency bidding against the factory—they constitute a private preserve, the perquisite of a few. Modern industrialism, with all its abuses, is dependent upon this wholly vulnerable privilege.

Because they see the problem partially, and not as a whole, the advocates of special legislation for women are helping to bolster up the oppressive power of the State, unaware that in the process their allegiance is shifted from freedom to authority. One can not help seeing that with all their slow and costly efforts, the concessions they are able to secure are pitiful compared with the rewards of emancipation. It always seems easier to resort to voluntary or compulsory charity than to revolutionize the industrial system; but the gains of the easier way are neither satisfactory nor permanent, and the same effort directed against the cause of the inequality would soon bring about the desired change. Time, we are inclined to think, will shortly beyond peradventure demonstrate the futility of political equality as an end in itself; even as the mere securing a permission to vote is now proving as hollow a triumph as that other concession recorded in the nursery-rhyme beginning, "Mother, may I go out to swim?"

A BY-PRODUCT.

I

AMONG the mountaineers of that corner of the Comeraghs there was a sluggishness of feeling not to be found anywhere else in Munster. Perhaps they thought themselves beyond the reach of any law in their secret fastnesses; or it may be that Sean O'Leary's explanation was the true one: they were a slow people by nature, he would say—what were they but the descendants of Raleigh's English folk, of Boyle's English folk, for all the perfect Irish that was their mother-tongue? O'Leary was from the West, was, of course, a Gael of the Gaels—"The O'Learys that were wedded to Ireland," he would quote from Egan O'Rahilly—and was, perhaps, something too hard on the simple people of the East. But at last even his slow people began to stir when, in the autumn of 1918, it seemed quite certain that England would put the Conscription Act in force in Ireland.

II

Nicholas Motherway was tearing at the hunk of wheaten bread like the poor foolish creature he was. No one had ever seen those flat, unshapely features, those wandering eyes, take on the keenness of intelligence: at best, one caught in that empty face only a vague expectancy, a gleam that began to die away before it had half ripened. The mouth was now active, and the strength of the jaws and teeth was plainly seen, but no sooner would the feeding be done with than the lips would droop open again

and the whole chin and lower face sag down helplessly. His father, an old man, stared at him with pity, with contempt; and only for the trouble that a year ago had fallen upon himself, indeed there would have been no pity at all in this nightly reckoning of his son. That trouble, that unexpected stroke of paralysis, had left him a shrunken, palsied, grey-faced creature, weak and broken, and now it was only in short moments of forgetfulness that the old thoughts, free and rough, would rise uppermost in his mind and break from him in snarling words.

Voices and footsteps were hurrying to their open door. The son started, rose uncertainly, a scared look wavering in his eyes. His father cried at him angrily: "Where would you be going? Sit down, let ye." The lump sat down awkwardly, timidly.

"Come in, men, come in, let ye."

Sean O'Leary, Sean Wall, a farmer's son named George Hankard, a man named Gumbleton, a few others stepped rather shyly in, filling the doorway, shutting away the flood of dusky, filmy gold that was abroad between the running hilltops and the paling sky. It was Sean O'Leary came forward; indeed, it was he who had gathered the others from their far-scattered houses.

"'Tis how 'tis, Maurice," he began. "We're after learning that the police are after sending our names and all about us to Dublin, and that to-morrow maybe, or the day after, the military will be coming to drag us from our homes to fight for them, to fight for England, and—"

The old man was looking at them shrewdly; he was always glad when anything came to break in upon his empty, listless days; he raised his hand, with something of command in the gesture. "And tell me," he said, "isn't England after getting enough already? Every single man that could be coaxed out of this country by lies or love or money to fight for her in this cruel, unchristian war—isn't she after getting them? And tell me, them that are left, wouldn't it be a crime against the Almighty God to force them to fight against their will, men that hate the very name of her?" His hand came flat down on the deal table and stayed flat on it, his eyes were buried in them.

"That's what we say," O'Leary jerked out in his quick, nervous way; and the others repeated his phrase, or others like it, thinking that the old man's strong flow of words needed at least so much notice from them.

With greater warmth the old man spoke again: "'Twould be a crime and a mighty crime against the Almighty God for England to put the bayonet into a boy's hand and say to him: 'Stab them and slay them and kill them, and slaughter them whether 'tis in your mind to do so or not.'"

He had lifted himself from the chair: the others could see the rickety table, on which his left hand was leaning heavily, trembling to the trembling of his limbs, but all this he had himself forgotten. His eyes, usually so grey and wistful, were burning upon the group, holding them in wonder, for they had had no thought of being received in such a manner. "That boy of mine, the only one left me, I'd rather see him stretched here on this table, and the habit on him, than fighting for them and making a great stir, maybe—Nicholas!" he cried, turning his head: but they boy had slipped away from the men into the little room where his bed was, and was now peeping through the loosely-jointed boards at the group his father was dominating. "Nicholas, come hither, let ye," and he turned again to the young men, "they say they're not particular who they take—"

"It don't matter a damn," Sean O'Leary broke in swiftly, "not one of us they'll get, not one. Rich and poor, strong and weak, we're gathering together; and if they'll lay hands on any one of us whatsoever, there'll be shots firing on the hills I tell ye, firing at all hours of day and night. . . ."

"And is it now ye're gathering together?"

"This very night we're gathering in the Name of God And we'll have a meeting in the coom and we'll—"

"The blessing of God on the work—'tis holy."

And so his son, Nicholas Motherway, the poor lump of a fool, went with them. At first he shambled awkwardly behind them, for he feared that they might at any mo-

ment break out into mockery of him, as used so often to happen at the turf-cuttings, at the threshings; and it was a long time before it crept into his slow brain that all that was over and done with. Little by little, somehow, as they went on across the broad shoulders of the hills from house to house, the crowd growing larger, louder, and more spirited, he found himself becoming more and more one with them and they with him. . . . It was a night of silvery starshine, large, open and wide, and the great empty spaces of the mountainland seemed to be waiting, to be waiting for some battle-call to sound on them—that, or the descent of angels in robes of white. . . . The dawn was almost come upon the mountains before Nicholas burst in with unaccustomed noise and vigour on the old man, who had sat at the hearth all night awaiting him. He was full of bubbling, incoherent speech, at the end of which his wondering father was half aware that a dreadful battle had been fought in the coom, that thousands upon thousands of men had been all night tramping across the hills.

III

Nicholas, after some bad blundering, suddenly left the ranks and placed himself side by side with Sean O'Leary himself, who was drilling them. Nobody minded the irregularity: what was he but an idiot? Again and again the group of men in the lonely coom formed "fours," every time more nearly perfect, and still the lump of a man—he was far bigger and heavier than the best of them—although quite young, hesitated about trying it himself.

"Again! again!" he cried out suddenly, and again Sean's voice gave out the command, and again the little squad went through the trick. Then the simpleton clapped his hands with joy, burst out into drivelling laughter, leaped back to his place in the ranks and stood, stiff as the best of them, awaiting the word. This time he did it, and the whole crowd broke into wild and merry cheering.

That night, too, he had a tale for his waiting father.

IV

A few nights afterwards, O'Leary himself did not come to drill them: Lingwood it was that took his place, and Lingwood was not skilful enough to bring them on to anything new nor alert enough to keep them in good trim, so that before half the night was spent they were lying listlessly along the edge of the stream that ran through the levels. It was noisy and swift: its parent hills were not far off, indeed they were looking right down on it, with night beginning to darken and chill their climbing shadows.

Wall was lying lazily along it; his head and shoulders were leant back into the soft foliage of a willow, and his right foot, stretched from him, was idly toeing a lump of rock that, half sunken in the bank, hung above the stream. Presently, with a sudden splash and gurgle it fell from the soft mould into the waters, the debris discolouring them. When they cleared again, the worn surface of the stone laughed brightly up at them through the turf-coloured stream. Lingwood at once roused himself, knelt, and lifted the stone from the stream's bed. He felt it in his hand, he weighed it: it was just the right stone for throwing from the shoulders.

At midnight Nicholas entered the cabin with a clatter of noise: "*Eirigh, 'athar,*" he said, with boldness and pride, "*is agamsa ta an sgeal duit.*" "Rise, father," he said, "'tis I that have the story for you"; and he would scarcely give him time to rise.

"Easy, boy, easy," his father was imploring him, "what is the story you have?"

"This is no place for it," he answered, "this is no place for it. Come hither." And the half-dressed, awkward old man, with the white hair tumbling down about his eyes, and his grey flannel shirt open at the throat, had to follow him into the common room where alone in the house there was space to stir and leap. The turf, spread all along the wide hearth, lit the place with a red glow.

"Sit down there, father." Nicholas had thrown his

coat from him, tightened his belt, braced himself up. He glanced behind him, and placed his heel against the partition that ran across the room. His great right hand bent back sharp at the wrist, bracketing an imaginary stone, he balanced himself stiffly, back and forth, until his whole body was stretched like a bow; then with a wild whoop of triumph, he lifted himself and threw the imaginary stone hurtling through the air. After a moment of blindness, of confusion of mind, so huge the swinging figure in the little space, so swift the rush, so wild the yell, the old man knew that his son was smiling down on him from the darkness beneath the thatch, was swaying before him. He tried to smile in return, but there must have been something of uncertainty, of fear in it, for suddenly Nicholas threw himself along the settle, flung his legs carelessly over its straight arm, and with wild laughter shook the place—that place where for many years—ever since the last of the trusty sons had gone to America—the sound of song or fiddle or laughter had never been heard!

"Whisht, Nicholas, whisht; look at the hour it is; and how do you know what strangers would be abroad these terrible times?"

The son did not hear him: he was laughing at more than his father, he was remembering the faces in the coom, how they had looked at him in his moment of triumph. His mother, a soft, poor creature, broke urgently from the inner room: she was fastening her bodice: "For God's sake, Nicholas, lie down in your bed; what is it is happening to ye at all?"

Nicholas leaped at her, laid playful hands on her, warm and huge and hard they were, lifted her, swung her across the floor and planted her near the hearth on the remaining sugawn chair that was always there. Then swiftly again, he sprang to his place at the partition; once more he balanced himself, slowly, slowly, with a fierce grin of determination on his brows, and his lips blown out. It seemed an age before he would make the throw. At last he leaped in the air, this time with no yell of triumph however, with rather a broken groan, and the end of the spring was a stumble, as weak and straggling as the cry. He gathered himself together, with effort it seemed, only to fall again on the settle, panting and puffing in exaggerated exhaustion.

At first they did not know it for acting, and both rose in terror from their chairs: but again the wild laughter broke from him; his head was flung back, and they could see the strong teeth shining in his mouth, regular as a wall of cut stone.

"For God's sake, Nicholas, don't be frightening us," his mother began again, but by this time some spirit had leaped in the breast of the poor old palsied man:

"Whisht, woman," he said; "if he can't have his sport here where is he to have it?"

V

Earlier than now was usual with him, Nicholas returned from his drilling: there was but little life in him.

"You're early to-night, a *mhic?*" his father said, peering at him, as was now his habit, to discover his temper. "Is it how—how Sean did not come to ye?"

"It is not." He threw himself on the chair nearest to the door, and bent upon the old gun he had been drilling with. He was frowning upon it, twisting and turning it in his rough hands. The lamp threw its light down on the bent neck: it looked like a bit of a young pine from which the bark had been newly stripped away.

"Put it from you now, Nicholas, put it away till the next time; you could never tell who'd step in to us."

"'Tis a crazy old thing it is." He spoke sullenly, his fingers tugging viciously at the iron work upon it.

"Twill do what we want of it."

"'Tis a crazy old thing, it is!" the words were louder and louder.

"Ah, well. Ah, well!" The old man was hobbling back to the place he had risen from, when he heard a roar:

"'Tis a foolish, crazy old thing it is—there to it!"

It went flying across the room, full tilt against the

whitened wall; it fell heavily on its muzzle and lay still. And his father saw Nicholas rise up, and go out the door and stand there for a long time, his two hands stuck fiercely in his belt, huge and black and angry, against the starry sky, uncertain where to turn or what to do.

VI

In spite of Ireland's protest, in spite of a hundred advances, in spite of the difference the coming in of the Americans was making in the war, England, it seemed, was intent on putting the Conscription Act in force on the Irish people. But that did not explain the eager whispering of the group of Comeragh men in the lonely darkening coom. They were guessing, arguing, questioning about a thing that had happened among them that day: in a place four miles off from the little hamlet, a policeman, all but lifeless from loss of blood, had been found lying on the road, his head battered in as by a stone or cudgel. The men in the coom had no thought of how it had happened, or of who it was that had done it. The story that had already spread over the mountains was that four masked men had leaped upon the policeman, downed him, and taken away his arms; and this story they hardly knew whether to believe or discredit. But for the most part it was of what would follow that they were speaking; they knew that there would be a thorough searching of the district, lines of soldiers would be scouring the mountains, with aeroplanes circling overhead; and O'Leary was warning them that the tiniest revolver found in their possession would mean a sentence of two years in prison, while any sort of rifle. . . . As he spoke a voice jerked out: "Here's Nick Motherway down to us." They turned and looked up the path; they saw him leaping down, making short cuts from angle to angle, springing from crag to crag, a gun held firmly above his head. As he came running toward them, they all at once looked at one another and widened a little away from him. O'Leary himself had gone pale: he was high-strung, he needed warning before he could be sure of himself. He tried to speak lightly: "That's a fine gun you have, Nick."

"'Tis my father's gun."

"'Tis not your father's gun."

"Oh, but it is."

"'Twas your father's gun you had last night."

"'Twasn't; but an old crazy thing wouldn't shoot off for me."

"Let me see that one you have; let me handle it."

"No; my father told me not to let it out of my hands."

VII

While shooting in the coom, one after another of them, a scout of theirs brought word that motor-lorries had already begun to bring squads of soldiers to the lonely barrack where the wounded policeman was shouting in his delirium. Yes; to-morrow aeroplanes would be circling over the mountains and lines of soldiers would be scouring across them, over and hither. Not a cowshed, not a dairy-room but would be searched, not a turf-stack but would be tumbled to the ground.

The young men stopped their shooting and gathered into one little knot in that darkening valley, and they spoke in whispers. They had not, up to this, ever come into handgrips with English soldiers, neither had any of them ever been in prison. But they knew how the Galtee mountains had been parcelled out and searched and re-searched after the dreadful affair at Knocklong; and they all agreed that it would be a foolish thing to sleep in their homes that night.

That night there was the sound of wailing in lonely glens: the war seemed to have come to their doors.

"Mother, maybe 'twould be as well for me not to be here if the soldiers come surrounding us during the night."

"Are you certain of that, a *Thomas*? Wouldn't it be better for you to stay and answer their riddling? What are you afraid of? Aren't we able and ready to prove to the world that you didn't stir from the bog the whole day long?"

"'Tis better for us all to be on the one word, mother; them fellows are too clever for the like of us; we'd think we were mastering them, and maybe 'tis hanging ourselves we'd be, or hanging one another!"

The mother would give way: it was better they should be all on the one word; but even as she gave her consent her eyes would be greedily feeding themselves on the boy's face, and her mind would be already yielding to the fears that would rush overwhelmingly upon her as soon as she had bolted the door for the night on him!

There was no such parting in Nicholas's house, no such wailing when the door was fastened and the lamp quenched. For there was Nicholas himself, and in high glee, too, after his bout of successful shooting in the glen. It was a lonely, far-away house, and no word whatever had reached the father or mother of the attack on the policeman. But late in the night when all were in bed, and the house was as dark and as silent as the mountain top above it, a muffled, earnest hammering sounded on the bolted door. Soon there was whispering from bed to bed: "Nicholas, Nicholas, is it for you that knocking is?"

"No, 'tis not for me it is. What would they be wanting with me?"

"Will you rise up and ask them what it is they want?"

"I will not rise up to them."

"They'll never stop. 'Tisn't the police, the police would be calling out to us to open."

"'Tis you they'll be asking for, whoever 'tis."

The hammering continued, not louder, however, than before. The old woman spoke to her husband: her voice sounded softer than by day: "'Tis better for yourself to speak to them. Nicholas, don't be listening to them at all, nor speaking with them at all."

Then suddenly, as if grown careless or desperate, the hammering redoubled in force, in speed, and a voice was calling to them to open at once.

"'Tis the Gaelic he has." The old man raised his voice: "In the Name of God who are you, and what do you want of us?"

"Open, or 'tis destroyed you'll be."

"My God! 'tis destroyed we'll be, he says. I'll open. . . . I'll open to ye." He limped out and pulled the bolts without a word. O'Leary rushed in.

"Where is that gun?"

"What are you saying?"

"Where's Nicholas; where's that gun he had?"

"The gun—'tis in smithereens it is. If 'tis the bits of it. . . . Look, here. . . . here."

O'Leary looked at the battered old thing. That was not the gun he had come for. "My God! answer my question, and let me be off out of this. Blame yourself if ye have the police and the soldiers dragging the two of ye off before the night is out. Ye won't answer my question?"

"There's Nicholas there for ye."

He opened the rickety old door in the partition and shoved in the candle. O'Leary brushed past it. "Nicholas, where's that gun you had?"

A sleep-warmed face looked up at him: there was a harvest of laughter mantling it, everywhere.

"Where is it, tell me?"

"Can't ye look for it? If ye find it, carry it off with ye. *Slán beo leat, a ghumna liom!*"

"I tell you you'll be taken to Cork, to the jail, if 'tis found in the house."

"Find it!" And then his laughter rang out suddenly and boisterously, careless of the night. The old man came hastening to him: "Nicholas, let ye be quiet, be quiet, 'tisn't right for ye to be laughing this hour of the night."

"I'm done with ye," O'Leary blurted out, and left them there. He plunged down the bohreen: a little knot of silent men awaited him.

"Have ye it?"

"'Tisn't in it. I'm sure of it. Here's his father's old thing. 'Tis little information they'll get from Nicky, I warrant ye."

They went their way, warning the scattered people to get rid of whatever old guns they had before the police came in the morning.

VIII

"I'm waiting for ye. I'm waiting for ye." It was true, the old man had been awaiting them. Now he rose up defiantly, but his teeth could be heard chattering in his head with excitement, not with fright.

The two policemen stepped in, bending their huge bodies under the lintel, darkening the place. Soldiers, fully armed, helmeted, followed them; two others remained outside the door, their rifles grounded. The policemen without a word began to search the house, while the soldiers, from Staffordshire they were, gaped at their white, strained faces. But soon they turned their boyish eyes on the passionate, shrunken-up, trembling old man who was following the policemen from point to point, right at their coat tails, mocking them. Sometimes he would scramble in front of them: "Here ye are, Sergeant; 'tis my own feathers, the best of them is in it. Stick your bayonets into it and see for yourself. Wouldn't ye take it with ye? 'Twould be useful to ye down in that nest of yours. . . . And what is it you're after finding? Whatever it is, take it off with you: you're welcome to it. Nothing! And didn't I know ye'd be here this blessed morning, and didn't I hide the guns and the swords and the cannons up in the rocks, up in the rocks of the mountains. Sure 'twas for hiding-places God made them. . . ."

Nicholas was all the time standing foolishly in the middle of the floor; he was bigger than either of the policemen, the soldiers were only manikins beside him. He had not spoken a word; one could make no guess at his thoughts: perhaps his mind was just a wide vacancy disturbed on its far edges. He made no wonder of his father's flow of bitter words.

"My boys in America, the four of them, 'tis sore set they'd be to see ye wrecking the place like this: 'tis out on ye they would, and the King of England himself wouldn't stay nor hinder them."

"Let ye stop that gab." One of the policemen could no longer keep his temper.

"I will not stop it: the house is mine."

The wife came to him. "In the Name of God, Maurice, let ye hold quiet."

"What for would I stop? Is it lies or the plain truth I'm telling?" He roared out the words at them. His passion seemed to have shaken his disease from his limbs, from his tongue.

"Let ye keep silent, whatever 'tis ye're telling."

"Lay hands on me, why don't ye? Lay hands on me! Or on him. Finish God's work, let ye. *He* laid hands on us—blessed be His Holy Name. But *He* didn't finish the work. Let ye finish it, and the King of England won't see your children begging their bread. . . ."

"Hold quiet, I'm telling ye. 'Tis well ye know why I haven't ye bundled into the wagon by this, handcuffed and trussed. Hold quiet, or I'll—" The sergeant had almost gripped the old man by the shoulder, and the old man had made no retreat from him. But, mouthing unintelligibly, Nicholas slid in between them. No one could catch his words, whether he threatened or excused. The mother threw herself upon him, speaking wildly; her husband she trusted not to go beyond the harm of words, but not her son. "Not you at all, Nicholas," she was saying, "not you at all." The searching had ceased; soldiers and all, they were staring at the great boy-man, in whom life had come suddenly to the blossoming. He threw his mother from him, and with a sudden cry of joyous recollection swept toward the door.

"Stop him," the sergeant cried; "don't let him out." Instinctively he had given the command: he had no reason for it. The soldiers made a fence with their bayonets. The Nicholas balked at the steel, stretched a hand between the blades and made a grab at one of the soldiers. But another jabbed him viciously in the forearm with a bayonet, and he leaped back from them, his eyes fierce with

anger, his brows scowling: he was at bay, the blood running down his hand. In the silence the old man suddenly fell down, heavily, without a word or groan.

IX

A wild south-wester was blowing over the Comeraghs that night—the rain would follow. In the thick darkness O'Leary climbed the stony pathway towards the Motherway's house. He listened. There was not a sound from within; yet on account of the gale he had to pound the door. He heard the old woman's heavy boots as she came to open it. "How is he?"

"He's sleeping, thanks be to God. They say he won't be anything the worse for it, but sure 'tis well I know he's a good deal nearer to the grave, Sean."

"'Tis well he didn't go off on you; be thankful for that much."

"Sure, I am. But, Sean whisper to me—Nicholas is inside," she nodded at the little bedroom, "and he has a great gun with him, wherever he got it, and I'm frightened to have it with him."

Sean was looking at her. She came to him and caught him earnestly by the shoulders. "If you could get it from him, Sean?" and her eyes were cold with terror.

He shook his head. "Don't be afraid," he whispered. He tapped at the dark-painted door of the side room. He got no reply. He lifted the latch and stepped in: the old man lay stretched before him on the bed like a corpse, grey-faced; he looked twenty years older than when Sean had last seen him. From the sleeping face Sean tried to keep his eyes from straying, but at the same time he knew that Nicholas was sitting by the bed, erect, watchful, like a hunter, and that a heavy-looking gun was laid across his knees, gripped in rigid hands. He did not speak a word, he gave no sign of recognizing his visitor.

Sean withdrew just as quietly as he had stepped in. He found the old woman standing quite still in the self-same position as when he had left her. "'Twould be no use to ask him for it," he whispered her. "Don't be afraid: there's no fear they'll come here again for some time."

One does not linger on a mountain-side when a south-west wind is sweeping a sea of rain against it, but the thing that set Sean O'Leary plunging through the darkness, leaping headlong from rock to rock was not the discomfort of the rain and wind, but the vision that had seized on his brain—the meagre, death-like figure laid flat upon the bed, the wild creature watching by it, the gun across the huge knees, the fierce grip. And in the light of that vision the task of freeing his native land that he and others like him had taken upon their shoulders, seemed suddenly to have become immensely heavier, infinitely more involved, more surely fraught through and through with living pain: one of those moments, when we see into the life of things had come to him. Next day he drilled his men as usual—as usual, if not more quietly, yet more firmly, with more grip. He had become surer of himself; perhaps the progress he was making was not unlike Nicholas Motherway's, only on a higher plane.

DANIEL CORKERY.

BOOKS OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

WHEN I was a small Canadian with a cobwebby brain and symptoms of book-madness which later developed with a violence, my reading-diet comprised, in large part, Henty and Manville Fenn and David Ker and the *Boys' Own Paper*—a delicious English weekly seldom seen on this side of the water. *Eheu, fugaces anni!* I am now thirty-five; but I still read a boy's tale of adventure at a tearing gallop, with some hint of the old pleasure; yet it is only in re-reading the first favourites that I ride in glamour. No boy ever recovers from "Treasure Island" and "Robinson Crusoe," from "The Swiss Family Robinson" and the expurgated "Gulliver," although, of them all, I now prefer Stevenson's *tour de force*.

Not long ago, at the request of a friendly editor, I attempted to review a new "juvenile," but was so painfully bored that I returned it and asked for a detective story. Yet it was a head-liner in its field, and had met with wide juvenile approval. Now, why, I ask myself, do I fail to find the ecstasy I seek in the children's books of to-day? The obvious answer is that I am grown up; that the books being published for boys and girls in the present decade are quite as good as those published, let us say, in the 'sixties. The fault, in other words, is wholly mine.

This I deny. As I say, I still read boys' books, for I am a reviewer of books. Many that I do not read I try to read; and the sober fact is this: with the usual handful of exceptions, the new juveniles are *not* as good as the old. Sales of recent books for the young are inconsequential in comparison with the sales of the "standard" juveniles. A child's book of this day may sell well for a short time, but it passes. The old books I have in mind—hundreds of them—sold enormously in their day and are still selling. Occasionally, a genuinely good yarn in the old tradition appears, and when that happens the occasion is one for Greek fire and Roman candles. For the most part, the best-selling juveniles are those of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred years ago—those are the books that are constantly being reprinted, in expensive editions and with new illustrations by artists, some of whom have made their reputations in this field.

There have been great "periods" in juvenile literature, just as in adult fiction, and the standards of such writers as Henty and R. M. Ballantyne were quite as high, in their own department, as those of Dickens and Thackeray. Some unexpected things, of course, have happened: "Crusoe" and "Gulliver" were not written for young people, and both are great juveniles; while "Treasure Island" was specifically written for boys and is now the precious possession of their fathers.

It was Stevenson, was it not, who remarked that he would sacrifice something very valuable—perhaps his entire list of writings—to have written "The Coral Island"? Personally, I would not have it in exchange for "Treasure Island"; but 'tis a brave tale! the *magnum opus* of Robert Michael Ballantyne of the Hudson Bay Company. The astonishing experiences of that delectable company of shipwrecked adventurers, on a coral reef in the Pacific, are among the most moving and memorable episodes in juvenile letters. The wanderers themselves liked it, for it will be remembered that the irrepressible Peterkin sought out his erstwhile companions of the coral strand and took them upon adventures equally wild, in a sequel called "The Gorilla Hunters." The first few paragraphs of this latter volume yield a clue to the excellence of the juvenile literature of that day: they could have been written only by Ballantyne—or Dickens! That is the secret. It was a day of honest writing, and the writers for adult readers had no monopoly of ideals or invention. Ballantyne was, and is, the Dickens of juvenile literature. In the same rollicking spirit of caricature with which Dickens captured his millions, Ballantyne carried on. Were there any mystery about this ingenious author, I should venture the suggestion that his books were written by Charles Dickens.

In the same period as Ballantyne, flourished W. H. G. Kingston—William Henry Giles Kingston—author of "Peter the Whaler," "Manco the Peruvian Chief," "Salt Water Sea Life and Adventures," and a further list of titles that fills more than a catalogue-page. R. L. S. loved him as he did Ballantyne and Cooper.

One remembers the verses to the "hesitating purchaser" which precede the contents-page of "Treasure Island"?

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried gold,
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wiser youngsters of to-day:
—So be it, and fall on! If not,
If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
Kingston or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave:
So be it, also! And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
Where these and their creations lie!

That is high praise; and if anyone doubts that the "wiser youngsters of to-day" are pleased by "all the old romance," let him make inquiry at any public library concerning the popularity of the old juveniles.

"Manco" and "Salt Water" descended to me from my father's ragged library, and they are my favourites: the others—all of them—I read furiously, throughout an entire winter, by the courtesy of the Chicago Public Library. Once I lost one—left it in a street car, in which, improperly chaperoned (or unchaperoned), I was riding. For two weeks I was in despair. The cost of the book, which I would have to stand if it were not recovered, bothered me only a little; but a dozen rifles had just "spoken" when, for a reason that I do not remember, I laid it down, and each rifle was levelled at "our hero's breast." At the end of a fortnight of agony the book was returned to me by a grown-up friend who, by some curious circumstance, had found it. My card was in its pocket, and he knew it for mine; but he had casually opened the volume to see the sort of thing I read, and was himself lost. He offered to pay the fine I had piled up, but I declined the offer, got rid of him as quickly as possible, and discovered what I should have known—that the hero is never killed, whether the rifles levelled at his heaving breast be one or one hundred.

Would you know how the dauntless lad escaped those dozen rifles? He watched the lips of the officer directing the execution, and, at the first letter of the fatal word "Fire!" leaped high into the air, so that the bullets *whistled around his legs!* By good fortune, a river ran immediately behind him, and before the astounded soldiers could recover from their quite natural astonishment, he had plunged into the stream and escaped. My hat is off to W. H. G. Kingston. They do not make such men as he nowadays.

I always think of Messrs. Henty and Fenn together; and indeed in life they were friends. George Alfred Henty began as a writer of sensational yarns for young boys; he ended as a quite respectable historical romancer, although he still supposed himself to be writing boys' tales of adventure. I do not know where the change began; it must have been gradual. Little by little the wild adventure cooled, the historical background became more accurate. His tales, especially the later ones, were always excellent and well-constructed, but it is to his earlier stories that I turn to-day: to storm the breach at Badajos with the Scudamore brothers; to sail with Drake; to pierce an Ashanti jungle beside Frank Hardy; to hide with Malcolm Fraser in Scottish heather, fugitive followers of the Bonnie Prince. I even conceived the idea that the South must have been right in the American Civil War because Mr. Henty elected to champion that lost cause in one of his productions.

Manville Fenn differed from his contemporary in that he offended less often with dates and historical comment. Most of his books I have read twice; but the number of times I have read "The Golden Magnet" and "Nat the Naturalist," appals me when I think of certain immortal works which I have never read at all.

Between the 'sixties and the 'nineties of the nineteenth century, Britain produced five superlative writers of adventure for boys. Besides the four already mentioned, there was David Ker; less well-known than the others, but a no less engaging teller of tales. The list of the titles of Mr. Ker's volumes is a long and picturesque one, and there were dozens of serials that never got themselves into covers. These latter, for the most part, are buried in the files of the *Boys' Own Paper*. The titles of his books are sufficient recommendation: "Lost Among White Africans," "Swept Out to Sea," "Cossack and Tsar," "Prisoner Among Pirates," "O'er Tartar Deserts," "The Lost City," "Among the Dark Mountains." Others riot in my head, but there is not room for them all.

There were others who wrote admirable juveniles, but for me, these gentlemen are the high spots of the British group. Not far behind them in point of interest, stand Gordon Stables, S. Whitchurch Sadler, Alfred St. Johnston, and a brigade of others. Stables was a surgeon in the Royal Navy, Sadler a one-legged naval paymaster, St. Johnston—who was St. Johnston? He is dead, he lived in the antipodes, he travelled among cannibals. That is not enough to know. Will not some one write a memoir of Alfred St. Johnston? Mr. W. J. C. Lancaster was living and well a few years ago, in Liverpool. Few know him now; but the boys of twenty years ago will remember "Harry Collingwood," author of "Pirate Island," "The Rover's Secret," "The Congo Rovers." Mr. Lancaster and "Harry Collingwood" are one and the same person. And then there were Messrs. Robert Leighton, John Bloundelle-Burton, William Everard and Hugh St. Leger; and Captain Verney Cameron, and the Rev. C. W. Whistler, all adepts in the noble art of personal-adventure writing. Many competent writers for boys have graduated into the wider field, and are to-day known for other works; but there are readers who have not forgotten the early tales of John Masefield, of Frankfort Moore, and of Cutcliffe Hyne.

This paper may appear to be an apotheosis of British writers. The fact is that I prefer the British authors in this field. I prefer tiger-hunting in Burma (if they have tiger-hunting in Burma) to baseball. The British have a wider tradition than we; they have had more wars and foreign possessions and bad kings to write about. I have no doubt that a Wyoming "bad man" is infinitely more dangerous than a Maori; but the thought of a "bad man" only amuses me, while a mental picture of a Maori (with shield and spear) fills me with pleasurable chills of terror. The West is America's biggest tradition, but I think it has been very much overwritten.

The difference between American juvenile fiction and British juvenile fiction is the difference between the interminable Alger books and the (if you like) interminable Henty books. Each is, possibly, the best-known man in his particular field in his own country. Alger wrote his moralistic tales with a rubber stamp, then filled in the names: Henty worked carefully and produced a creditable literature, including a number of juvenile masterpieces. While Mr. Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories are thoroughly and wonderfully American, they were not written for boys any more than were Stephen Crane's "Whilomville Stories" or

Mr. Tarkington's "Penrod" tales: they were written for men and women. Even Mr. Aldrich's delightful "Story of a Bad Boy"—even, if you please, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"—find greater favour with grown-ups than they ever have found or ever will find with boys. The Lawrenceville tales by Mr. Johnson do not offset the school-stories of Talbot Baines Reed, the Englishman: the latter were specifically written for boys and are specifically read by boys. There can be no comparison between these writers; but if we compare Mr. Reed and Mr. Barbour we must give the Englishman the best of it.

Our juveniles of school and social life, however, are vastly superior to our juveniles of adventure. Aldrich's "Bad Boy," Mrs. Burnett's "Fauntleroy," Miss Alcott's "Little Men," and Mark Twain's "Prince and the Pauper" are classics and will stand beside anything in their field that England has produced. It is in the melodramatic story for boys that we chiefly fail. We have not as yet learned very extensively the art of writing for boys. What might once have been a good tale of adventure for a boy of twelve, is now a novel for the adolescent adult, and is published in a magazine for grown people. As Professor Canby has said, the dime novel once sold for a dime and was called a "dime novel"; now it sells for two dollars and is called literature. I do not say that the situation is much better in England, with reference to contemporary juveniles; certainly, however, it is somewhat better, for Mr. Edgar Pickering and Mr. Herbert Strang are still writing for boys. But in England, as here, the great writers of juvenile tales are gone; we still think of dead writers when we think of books for young people. There are a number of good writers, to-day, but there are no "giants" of the Henty and Verne persuasion.

One of the few American writers who have done creditable work in this field, is Mr. John Bennett, whose "Master Skylark" and "Barnaby Lee" are classics of youth, although they are more often and more appreciatively read by discriminating grown-ups. But it is American publishers who to-day are doing the greatest service for juvenile literature. Realizing the superior excellence of the older juveniles, they are re-issuing them in lavish dress, with sumptuous illustrations in colour. Messrs. Wyeth, Parrish and Schoonover may, indeed, be the means of bringing back the golden age of books for boys.

VINCENT STARRETT.

THE DIARY OF A CASUAL LABOURER.

20 OCTOBER. I had told the foreman of the department in which I was working that I did not intend to stay on the job very long, so a short time before the end of the night-shift I asked for my time-slip, telling him that I was leaving. He was the first foreman I have struck so far who seems to take any interest in his men. He told me that he was sorry to see me go, as he "liked my work just fine" but that he "understood how it was."

After a great deal of red tape I got my check and went up town and had it cashed. After \$5.00 for a meal-ticket had been taken out, there remained \$9.80. I had a shave, and then went back to the Salvation Army hall, where I paid \$1.00 for the four days I had occupied my cot. I then went to bed for a couple of hours, when I had to get up, eat a meal and catch the 3:30 train for Bearcreek, where I was going to try to land a job as coal-miner. I was somewhat doubtful whether I could get one, as I was told at the employment-office that a man could not get a job as an underground miner until after he had worked a couple of years around the surfaces of mines.

On the train I finished reading "The I. W. W. in Theory and Practice," by Justus Ebert. This pamphlet gives a clear and convincing account of the objects of industrial unionism and of what the I. W. W. is trying to do. Towards the end of the journey I fell into talk with a young fellow, aged nineteen, who was going down to Bearcreek to get a job as coal-miner. Like me he had never done any coal-mining, but he had worked for three years in the underground mines on the Mesaba Iron Range in Minnesota. He had worked also in a gold-mine in Colorado. He said that he thought he could get a job all right, as the only difference between coal-mining and quartz-mining is that black powder is used for blasting instead of dynamite. When we got to Bearcreek this boy and I got a room at the hotel with a double bed in it for seventy-five cents apiece. My companion turned out to be a Wobbly, and he read songs to me out of the I. W. W. song-book for half an hour before we left the room to get supper, after which we went to the movies and then back to the hotel to bed.

21 OCTOBER. This morning we got up early and went in search of work. We walked up a winding road through a valley between high barren hills where most of the coal-mines are. At the first mine we could not find the foreman who did the hiring so we went on to another. Here all the places were filled. We then asked where a certain mine was which we knew was advertising for workers. We were told that it was on the other side of a fairly high hill, so we climbed the hill, from the top of which we got a fine view. The whole valley was stretched out before us, with its seven or eight mines, and off in the distance we could see high mountains with snow on their summits. Below us was the mine we were looking for, and down we went to it. After waiting around an hour or so for the foreman to emerge from underground, we both landed jobs. I told the truth about my inexperience to the old hunch-backed foreman, but he said that he would try me out.

We then went up to the boarding-house belonging to the mine and signed our names on the paper which the landlady gave us. Then I learned that the name of my companion is Tony Ricardo, his father being an Italian. Before lunch we walked down to the village to get our miner's lamps. I tried to get mine on credit, but couldn't, so I had to part with \$1.70 to get a cap, light and carbide. That left me very little cash. Then Tony and I returned to the boarding-house, and had lunch. After eating we climbed the hill to get the view and then went in to town to get soap and towels. I did not have the price of a towel, so I got a clean flour-sack from the store for nothing.

22 OCTOBER. To-day was my first experience working underground. We arrived at the entrance of "No. 3" at about half-past seven and stood there with a group of miners, waiting for a quarter of eight to come, which is the time to start going down to work. While we were standing there Tony and I were both signed up for the United Mine Workers of America. We are to be initiated at the meeting of the local next Tuesday. At a quarter of eight we started down the tunnel in the hill-side, going down a steep grade with a car-track in the centre. Our miners' lamps in our caps gave us plenty of light. As we went along we had to be careful of several sets of electric wires along the roof. Sometimes they were not as high as our heads, and in one of the wires is the current which pulls out the loaded trains of coal. After a fifteen-minute walk downward farther into the ground, the boss showed us the two entries where Tony and I are to work as partners. One of them had been blasted the night before. There was plenty of loose coal for us. The other entry had just about enough loose coal for one car-load. It took us about twenty minutes to load a car, which is supposed to hold two tons. We did not make much to-day, however, as our cars were hauled slowly and the empties were slow in coming. That is why we got only four cars loaded, but we were assured by the rope-rider that we should not lack cars again. Coal-diggers work on the con-

tract-system, at ninety-five cents a ton, so we shall have to get more coal out in the future to make our salt.

At about three o'clock an old man who managed one of the pumps came around to a third entry that had been assigned to us and showed us how to drill the holes for blasting and how to make our loads and put them in. We had two "shots" to-day about ten feet apart. One of the loads was made up of twenty inches of black powder while the other had sixteen. The old man had to go when everything was ready and he told us to set fire to our fuses so that the "shots" would go off a few seconds apart. The "shooting-time" was to be a quarter after four. At the appointed time Tony fired the fuse for one load and a few seconds later I touched off the heavy one. Then we hurried for a turn in the drift some distance away. Three or four minutes later came a boom, followed by another which shook the timbers over our heads. We went back to see how much coal had fallen, but the smoke drove us out and we decided to wait until to-morrow to see how our "shots" had come out.

Supper comes at 5:20. The food we had at breakfast and supper was very good and the lunches we took down in our dinner-pails were also very good. After supper I walked into town to see if I could pick up a pair of shoes on credit, as my present ones are almost a wreck. A store-keeper took pity on me and, after calling up the landlady of the boarding house, agreed to let me have a pair on credit. He was very pleasant and obliging about it.

Tony and I sleep in the same bed together. Everybody sleeps with a bed-mate. I hate to sleep without windows open but these men have evidently done so all their lives and seem healthy enough, so I guess I can stand it. There are seven men in this bedroom—most of them Finns.

23 OCTOBER. This morning when we reached the entry where we had blasted last night, we found that several timbers had fallen down; this was because they had not been properly laid and the explosion had blown them out. We pulled them out of the way—after Tony had done much swearing, as is his wont when anything goes wrong—and then proceeded to load up the cars which were waiting for us on our two switches. We managed to get ten cars out to-day, which means about nine dollars apiece. Out of our wages, however, we have to pay \$50.00 a month for board, and in addition we have to buy powder, fuses, cartridge-paper, carbide, etc. We started drilling the holes for our "shots" too late to-night and did not get out of the mine till five o'clock, but no one spoke to us about it. I suppose when we get into the union we shall be fined for working overtime, but we had to get coal for Monday.

After supper to-night I set out for Red Lodge, a town about three or four miles away over the hills. It was a fine moonlight night and the view of the snow-capped mountains was very beautiful. Red Lodge is quite a fair-sized place, but with only thirty cents in my pocket I couldn't spend anything, and I have no more money coming in until the fifteenth of next month, unless I quit my job before then. I went up to the library, which I was very glad to find, and read Morse's life of John Quincy Adams till nine-thirty. The library officially closes at nine, but the old lady in charge of it had some work to do there until nine-thirty, so she let me stay until then. When I left she pressed upon me the "Life of William McKinley," which I am to return later.

24 OCTOBER. Sunday. This morning I left the boarding house at seven-thirty determined to climb to the top of a fair-sized mountain not far off, though it proved to be farther off than I thought, for it took me till eleven o'clock to get to the summit. There was a fine view up there. To the west lay a range of high mountains, their snowy tops glistening in the sun. In all other directions stretched the hilly, treeless country of Montana. I stayed up there three hours, as I knew it was useless to try to get back to the boarding house in time for lunch. About two o'clock I started back to the mine, where I arrived just in time for supper. After supper I wrote a few letters.

25 OCTOBER. Tony and I worked all day but got only five cars out because our entries weren't in good shape. We cleared them out, however, but managed to get only one of them drilled in time to blast at 4:15. As we were going out of the mine, "Humpy" the boss, advised us to come back into the mine after supper and "shoot" the other entry, so that we should have enough coal for the next day. I said that we would and Tony seemed to agree in silence. When we got out of the boss's hearing, however, Tony said he wouldn't do it, because in the first place he didn't want to and in the second the other men wouldn't like it. But I did not see how it would hurt the other men, even if there was a fine imposed by the union if it was found out. I knew we needed more coal, so I decided to do it myself.

After supper I got out my miner's cap and light and went down the mine to our entry. The drill, which was a post-machine, was working very hard and I had to stop and rest repeatedly. I finally got the two holes drilled, one of them six feet deep and the other about four and a half. The charges which I made were very big, as I wanted to get lots of coal. One of them was twenty-eight inches long and the other twenty-four, and both about two inches in diameter. At 10:45 everything was done, and I touched off the fuses. I then went around a few turns in the drift and waited to hear the explosion. In about three minutes one "shot" went off with a boom, shaking the timbers and knocking down little bits of coal over my head, and soon the other followed; I then came out of the mine, washed up and went to bed.

26 OCTOBER. This morning there was only about one car of coal in the entry where we had blasted in the afternoon and about six where I had blasted at night. We got five out, as only four in the better entry were available without much picking. Tony as usual swore and complained all the time. He does not consider me much of a partner, and I feel the same way towards him.

In the evening there was a meeting of the United Mine Workers, and four of us who were not members were taken in. The meeting was held in an old house a few hundred yards up the valley. As something had happened to the electricity at the mine, the room was lighted by a couple of miner's lamps placed on a table behind which sat the President, the Recording Secretary and the Financial Secretary. When we first arrived we sat around the stove with ten or fifteen other men. Very soon the meeting was called to order and all those present who were not members of the union were asked to retire. We four withdrew to a little side room and in a few minutes were asked to return. We stood with our hands raised before the desk and repeated the oath which was read at great length and with some difficulty by the president, a toothless old man. After this we were declared members of the United Mine Workers of America, and to each one of us in turn the president whispered the password of the local. Then followed the regular meeting. The financial secretary read the correspondence, which was then discussed. Heads of various committees gave their reports which were argued about at some length. The president then asked anyone having a grievance to express it and several men did so; their grievances for the most part consisting in the belief that they were not being given fair weight on their coal because of the carelessness of the check-weighman. The meeting voted to attend to the matter. Among other decisions it was voted to take fifty dollars out of the treasury to aid the striking miners in Alabama and to assess each member of the local one dollar to make up this sum. As the meeting was breaking up, I took a copy of the United Mine Workers' Journal from a pile on the table and read it through after I got back to the boarding house.

To-night when the seven men who sleep in this room had gone to bed and I was on the point of getting into bed, I opened the door a little to let in some air, and instantly one of the men, a Finn who can't speak English, jumped up, swearing in his own language, and closed the door. I then climbed down to the foot of my bed, which is

near the door, and opened it again. The man jumped up again, this time quite angry, and shut the door with a kick. When I got up to open it again, he tried to scare me by pushing me back, but though I succeeded in opening the door the Finn shut it again as soon I got back to bed. After much argument, neither of us understanding the other, I opened the door a crack and he did not disturb it. In a few minutes when things were quieter I opened it a little farther and there was no more trouble.

27 OCTOBER. To-day there was not much coal in our entries and Tony was very peevish all the morning. He blamed it all on me because he isn't making more money, whereupon we got into a heated argument, as I feel that I am doing quite as much as he is. In a moment when his anger and vocabulary were at their height—the immediate cause of the trouble being the fact that the car which we had loaded had got stuck while we were pushing it off the switch—he grabbed up his dinner-bucket and coat and said, "I'm done." With that he walked away and I hoped he was gone for good, but presently he returned, saying the boss had told him that he would fix him up with a new partner to-morrow in a new place. I was glad to hear that anyway.

After supper I walked over to Red Lodge, where I continued my reading about John Quincy Adams at the library.

POWERS HAPGOOD.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

A DRAGON FLY.

Thunder was heaped above me,
Mammoth in the sky;
And there on my staff, as I rose to go,
As curious as I,
With his pulsing body and puppet-head,
Clung a droop-winged dragon fly.

And here was I in China,
And there was he with a man;
And I heard the bell of a Christian church
Pretending a better plan
Than China and I and a dragon fly
Have had since the world began.

WITTER BYNNER.

IVANHOE.

Sir Disinherited, with clanging sword
And shield you fought to win the Holy Tomb,
And where men saw your tossing battle plume
There were brave feats of valour to record.
How I remember when, with your stout lord,
The lion-hearted Richard, you made room
Upon all sides with flashing lance, and doom
Fell upon those your knightliness abhorrd!

Aye, Wilfred, you were ever a leal knight;
Upon that score I have no fault to find,
But in your choice of women, I confess,
Somehow I can not think you chose aright.
Not to Rowena would I seem unkind—
But the sweet Jewess would have bored you less.

VINCENT STARRETT.

THRENODY.

Where are you gone who made the days so fair?
Lo! Soft as radiant Summer comes, you came,
And earth and sky resounded with your name
As pealing bells resound through shaken air.

Now you are gone, a broken melody
In ghostly plaint across the silence falls;
From out the withered brake a lone bird calls,
And Death has breathed on flower and bush and tree.

The leaves are fallen; the fruit hangs dry; among
The yellowing reeds the cattle moveless stand;
And dearth and chill have fallen on the land—
For you were leaf and blossom, fruit and song.

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

THE THEATRE.

MR. O'NEILL'S NEW PLAYS.

EUGENE O'NEILL has developed a habit, at once exhilarating and exasperating, of writing plays that ought to be masterpieces, and are not. He did this perhaps most notably in the case of "The Emperor Jones," which was one of the notable events of American drama. It brought to our stage the grandeur of outlook, depth of emotion, and poetic insight which American playwrights have always conspicuously lacked, and we were correspondingly cheered and elated. Yet the rich promise of the occasion could not quite make us forget that Mr. O'Neill had not fully solved the dramatic problem he had set himself. The demand, after the superb accomplishment of the opening scene, was for psychological action; and what we were given was a little physical action and a great deal of psychologic repetition. We were let down; from Olympian heights, no doubt, but nevertheless we were let down.

Since then Mr. O'Neill in a sort of concentrated fury of creation, has given us a number of plays; and his status as the most promising American playwright has become pretty well established. Through all this he has shown the same high sincerity, the same concern for real values, the same emotional fervour that first raised our hopes so high; and for this he deserves all credit. But with these excellences he has continued to show the same impatience of craftsmanship, the same unwillingness to submit himself to the demands of his own subject-matter, which balked "The Emperor Jones" of actual greatness.

In his two new plays this technical impatience, this failure to apprehend the innate necessities of his own conceptions, is particularly marked, and has operated with particularly bad effect. Had any other man, any new dramatist, written either of these pieces, one might feel justified in emphasizing the fineness of his intentions, the pre-eminently worth-while nature of the task undertaken. All the excellences which we have come to expect of this writer are here assembled. There is a time, though, when mere loftiness of aim ceases to answer for failure of fulfilment. Mr. O'Neill is now well past the 'prentice stage; and, coming from one who must be presumed to have attained maturity, it is hard to regard these two dramas as anything but dispiriting failures.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of our current criticism that the one which more nearly escapes this fate, which shows decidedly the clearer understanding of its own inner necessities should be the one to attract by far the less notice. For three of its four acts, "The First Man," which is being presented at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, touches as high points of drama as Mr. O'Neill has ever reached. The best of it can stand comparison even with the magnificent orchestration of the opening scene in "The Emperor Jones." The newspaper-reviewers' objection to it was, if memory serves, that it was "obstetrical." It is, according to the popular understanding of that term, nothing of the sort. It is the story of the savage inner struggle of a man who loves his wife with an ecstatic, incontinent passion, as he sees her about to bring into the world a child who will involve her most sacred allegiances, entwine itself into her existence, and thus rend the tissue of their joint life.

This is a brave and authentic theme, timeless, universal. Mr. O'Neill has placed it in a small New England town. Some of the small-town figures he has introduced, such as the banker, the lawyer, the catty

wife, tend rather flatly towards caricature; but they have the virtue of being true caricatures, true not only to type but to locality. With fine understanding and a nice economy, the author has reproduced that atmosphere of stale caution, of repression, of pecking from behind drawn shades, which is perhaps the most characteristic thing about a small New England town. He has shown vividly and organically the cramping, constricting, distorting effect which this system of living for the opinions of others has upon the soul and the outlook of its practitioners. He has made deep and nobly satiric drama out of the contrast between the wild, jealous, possessive, yet star-touched love of the man, and the sordid interpretation of it fabricated by these dusty worshippers at the shrine of the family name.

The scenes wherein the husband and wife confront one another and fight the duel of their profoundest instincts, have a large sweep and force. If they have learned something from Ibsen, these scenes are not unworthy of their teacher. In them the long rhetorical passages, which with Mr. O'Neill so often get out of hand, are managed with almost invariable success. The inner conflict becomes manifest, takes on shape, substance, energy of its own. The second act, mounting to a climax in which the woman, drawing back in revulsion, gazes across gulfs of new revelation to demand of the man who loves her, "Who are you?" is a superb achievement. The woman's death in child-birth is preceded by exactly the right amount of preparation, saving it from all suggestion of a mere author's expedient, without in any wise abating the force of the impact with which it strikes into the play's development. That is what valid dramatic construction is. Never before, not even in the highly praised "Beyond the Horizon," has Mr. O'Neill dared so much and so finely succeeded.

Then, having accomplished all this, he turns about and writes a final act which degenerates into sheer burlesque; an act in which discrimination, balance and proportion are successively dragged to the centre of the stage and slaughtered by the slow and torturesome device of talking them to death. Before its gusty, rhetorical, actionless tedium has ended, all the stale pomposities and sentimentalities of the Robertsonian heyday have been resurrected from the property-rooms of the 'eighties; rewards for the true and valiant, punishments for the mean and wicked, are put into automatic circulation, and the outraged muse of tragedy departs.

In "The Hairy Ape," the failure is nowhere so flagrant as this, but it is more widely distributed. This, it should be noted, is the play which people who attend an O'Neill drama in the spirit which takes good Rotarians to a one-hundred-per-cent booster meeting, have acclaimed as his "supreme achievement." It is Mr. O'Neill's most complete, though also his noblest, failure. The trouble with it is that it hardly ever succeeds in translating its heroic material into terms of drama.

This play undertakes to present, again, an inner struggle; this time, the struggle of the man of toil, the human dynamo at the core of the industrial mechanism, waging the battle for his own soul's status in the modern scheme of things. Mr. O'Neill has taken for his protagonist a man of abounding physical vitality, a Titan among stokers. When you first see this man in the sweltering fore-castle of a great ocean liner, all suggestions of the class-war, all calls to the workers to seize power, leave him cold; or rather, they enrage him. Power? We are the power, he exults, we coal-passers. We are the stuff in steel that makes it move, the stuff in coal that makes it pay, the stuff in steam

that makes it live. Sitting in an office making piles of money, is not power. We are the reality; we belong.

Then, at the height of his exuberance, his Gargantuan rapture in the sense of his own strength, a girl comes. Slim, white, exquisite, moulded by the softest caresses of gold and bank-notes and luxury, she looks on this storming, blaspheming, dominating giant of the furnaces, and is aghast. This is not a man, it is an ape; a hairy ape out of the vastness of the untamed. The struggle of the man has its start with her shriek, her accusation. Doubt enters; he wants revenge for the insult; and he wants authentication of his own sense of power, his own status in the world.

He goes out in search of them. He is hustled along, clubbed, jailed. Even the Wobblies, when at length he applies to them, suppose his zeal for destruction to be the amiable ardour of a governmental spy, and throw him out. Rejected everywhere, embittered but undaunted, he goes finally to the zoo. Hairy ape, is he? Well, then, so be it! He will join his comrade, make common cause with his brother; together they shall destroy and wreak vengeance. He looses the gorilla from its cage. The beast comes out, regards him thoughtfully, enfolds him in a vast and deadly embrace. It is the end.

In an industrial era, it is hard to see how Euripides himself could have asked a fairer fable. But, with potentialities of such magnitude, nothing less than a masterpiece will do. Anything short of a masterpiece can not avoid the appearance of rather presumptuous bungling.

Mr. O'Neill gives us many fine incidental things in "The Hairy Ape." The stoker's first panegyric to his own power is especially memorable. There are good touches, too, in the final apostrophe to the gorilla; and there are some nice broad jokes about this country being a land of freedom and equality. The lifting of the individual stoker's struggle to the plane of poetry is also well managed; but, having got it there, Mr. O'Neill goes no further.

He persists in the notion, apparent generally in his work, that elocution is an adequate substitute for drama, if only you make it long enough and loud enough and vehement enough. This, one may say in all magnanimity and openness of mind, is not so. Neither is it "symbolism" to bring on the *haute monde* after the manner of the wooden soldiers of the "Chauve-Souris" and have your protagonist march about them, bawling sociological platitudes and invective. It is simply a rather cumbersome and tedious way of saying: "I should like this man to come in conflict with the pampered world that is exploiting him, and have a profound bitterness generated in him as a result; but I can't think how the devil to manage such an intricate business."

So it goes throughout. There is no real fusion of the underlying idea with the method of presentation; which is to say, there is no drama. An ardent friend of this play tried recently in print to justify it on the ground that it represented a "new form." Words have their vogue like bonnets; and just now, "new form" is a term that commands a docile acquiescence. But having a man come on the stage and declaim at great length what he thinks and what he feels is not a new form. It is simply the worst of the very old ones. We see the inadequacy of it clearly enough when some Esmeralda, discovered alone on sofa L. C., in some comedy of 1870, says, "Ah, how my poor heart flutters! but if his father should suspect, etc. etc." Well, Mr. O'Neill is somewhat more robust than this, but such is precisely his method in "The Hairy Ape."

In fact, what he has given us is not a play at all but the first draft for a play. Mr. O'Neill has worked out the psychology of his principal character so that he knows what he is dealing with. He knows the scheme of action he wishes to follow for the development of that psychology. But the dramatic task lies all ahead, untouched. Probably it is too late now to do anything about it; which is too bad, for the elements of greatness were here. However, there remains the future.

There is still room in this country for a genuine dramatist. Unlike law, medicine and the ranks of unskilled labour, the field is not over-crowded; and Mr. O'Neill still seems about as eligible a candidate as there is in sight. He still has all the more important requisites, and he still has youth. But if he is not to disappoint us, if he is not to join that large company of writers whom Heine described as having such brilliant futures behind them, it is necessary that he begin to understand the responsibilities which the writing of serious drama entails. It is necessary that he take his subject-matter and live with it, long and intimately, until he comes genuinely to comprehend its nature and implications. It is necessary that he find forms, whether new or old makes no difference, that will fit it organically, so as to give it spontaneous life and motion; and it is above all necessary that he curb his inveterate habit of wallowing in mere words. If he will do these things, there seems no real reason why Mr. O'Neill should not some day write a drama of the highest order; a drama almost as good as his admirers believe "The Hairy Ape" to be.

LOUIS BAURY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A CLERICAL VIEW OF INDIA.

SIRS: We note what you have to say in your issue of 12 April in regard to the way that imperialism perverts the minds of those who may feel called upon to defend it. By the way, it is interesting in this connexion to know that Gandhi has said that the rule of any people against their will by another people is as demoralizing to the one group as to the other.

May we quote from the arguments for the British position in India, as set forth by Dr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, in the *Literary Digest* of recent date? They are singularly like those which you have taken from the *New Statesman*. We are changing the order, to show their similarity with paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 of your extract:

Difficult as the situation is, we owe it to India to secure to her the best conditions of an independent national life, and we must stay and see the thing through.

It would be the easiest course to fling India free, but what would be the judgment of history and humanity? No, such a course would be easy, but it would be cowardly.

The British in India are here in the way of duty and human service. [They] do not believe that India is ready for absolute independence or that the great mass of people desire it. . . .

Any detailed comment on such perversions of the truth would be superfluous. It may be in the nature of information to your readers, however, to say that the All-India National Congress has ten million registered members, pledged to non-coöperation and non-violence, ready, nay desiring, to go to jail, waiting the order for mass civil disobedience—the extreme step in this struggle, wherein conscious suffering is to take the place of killing one's enemy. This means a representation of one for every thirty of the population. We insist that the great mass of the Indian people are not only ready for *swaraj*, but that they desire it!

In the face of Gandhi's expressed command that there shall be no bloodshed, except when the blood of the Indians is demanded; and in the face of his statement to the Englishmen in India, "We shall not even hate you"; in the face of the well-known fact that the whole non-coöperation movement is predicated on non-violence, this head of a great American missionary organization speaks of the "bloody outbreaks of Gandhi's followers," knowing (for surely he must know) that the outbreaks of violence all over great India have been almost negligible.

General Dyer caused a massacre that resulted in the death of nearly 500 people, and the wounding of about three times as many more and he is to-day proud of his performance. Some irresponsible followers of Gandhi, inflamed and egged on by outsiders, killed twenty-one policemen, and Gandhi—at the risk of his life, considering his condition at the time—fasted for five days! Indians do not want any more of the General Dyer brand of "duty and human service." They are saying that the British shall not "stay and see the thing through." Why should not Dr. Speer consider our view of the situation? We are, etc.,
New York City.

HARIDAS WUZUMDAR.
 MARI G. GOVIL.

A CRY OF CONSERVATISM.

SIRS: I wish to protest against the extreme radicalism of the Board of Motion-Picture Censors in New York State. They are allowing the film-producers altogether too much freedom. They are utterly lacking in any sense of morality or common decency.

The other evening I went to a movie, and saw depicted on the screen all the terrible and disgusting symptoms of that loathsome disease, tuberculosis. The short gasping breaths; the coughing fits; the dizzy spells; the hollow cheeks; the drooping expression of the eyes and mouth; the lack of vitality; all were faithfully reproduced. But when the picture showed the girl—for they had chosen a young and innocent girl for this immoral rôle—fainting after a dizzy spell, I left the theatre. I got up and boldly walked out (and the second reel had not been finished), as my protest against such a barbarous onslaught upon the finer sensibilities of our civilization.

Think of the effect that such a movie would have on the younger generation! Two boys are playing in the street, a man walks past eating peanuts; a shell gets stuck in his throat and he coughs, one of the boys shouts, "He's got the 'con!'" and they run away; or maybe they follow the poor man mockingly, pointing their fingers at him. Again, when a mother has a sick headache due to indigestion or overwork and says that she feels dizzy, her children are liable to commit suicide, thinking that they are cursed with this hereditary disease. A woman faints in a bargain-sale or in a subway-jam; some one cries, "Tuberculosis!" and in two minutes the place is emptied, leaving no one to aid the woman. Drooping mouths and eyes are the expressions of some who are in sorrow; are they to be shunned, or mocked as tubercular?

These are only a few of the more obvious and outstanding effects of allowing such disgraceful things to be shown on the screen. The Board of Censorship is too lax (to put it mildly), and is threatening to undermine the moral structure of our nation. I suggest that the Lusk committee start an investigation at once. I am, etc.,
New York City.

A. KAYPEE.

BOOKS.

THE FAR-EASTERN QUESTION.

MR. G. ZAY WOOD has brought out three timely volumes on the Far-Eastern Question.¹ One of them relates the story of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance from its origin to the latest events. The other two deal with the twenty-one demands made upon China by Japan, and the processes by which these notorious exactions were forced upon the Mikado's prostrate neighbour. Mr. Wood writes frankly in the interest of China, and of course it is a partisan account which he gives us. Nevertheless, he has done students a service. After all, the outstanding facts as he presents them are matters of plain record. Inasmuch as they have a distinct bearing upon the late conference at Washington and the diplomatic methods and policies of Japan in particular, it may not be amiss to review here the story as Mr. Wood's assembled data tell it.

The great war which broke out in 1914 gave Japan a splendid opportunity to strengthen her position on the mainland of Asia. Her chief rivals for trade, concessions, and territories—Russia, Germany, England, and

France—were at the moment "otherwise engaged." Only the United States was free to guard "the open door." Without waiting, it seems, for an invitation from her ally, England, Japan decided to take part in the general conflict. On 15 August, 1914, she ordered Germany to surrender Kiaochow "with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." As the Germans ignored the demand, Japan declared war on 24 August. China, frightened by the course of events, and aware that this new service to her might prove as expensive as many similar services in the past, laid out a war-zone in Shantung for the purpose of confining military operations within a definite sphere. After a brief, though stout, defence, the German garrison surrendered, and German rights, titles, and concessions in Shantung came to an end. Japan held them in a death-grip. In vain did the German Government assert that this was an act of brigandage, of deliberate robbery without pretext or apology. The Germans, it seems, were unable to appreciate the situation.

Japan had scarcely laid hold of the Germans' Chinese property before a dispute arose with the Chinese Government. China looked upon the conduct of the Germans who had seized their territory years before and the conduct of the Japanese who had wrested it from Germany as acts not essentially dissimilar. Assuming that Japan did contemplate the "eventual" restoration of the province to its original owners, the Chinese Government abolished the military zone which it had created and prepared for the resumption of normal relations in Shantung. Japan had other plans. Immigrants from her shores were pouring into the peninsula; her military officers were extending the "area of their influence"; and her business men were making the most of the new opportunities. The Japanese Government, accordingly, without warning presented, on 18 January, 1915, twenty-one startling demands to the President of China; demands which called for the virtual abdication of Chinese sovereignty in many matters. If they had all been adopted and enforced, China, whatever the theory, would in fact have become a province of the Japanese Empire.

At this juncture there began an amazing diplomatic game which is full of instruction for our young lions of journalism. The Japanese minister presented the twenty-one demands to the serene and imperturbable Yuan Shi Kai, enjoining upon him the strictest secrecy. "Silence, everywhere, all the time," was the new commandment. But, strange to relate, three days after the demands were presented, the American ambassador, Mr. Reinsch, heard of the astonishing deeds of the new Dick Turpin of Tokio. About the same time, some clever Japanese journalists got wind of the affair, and announced to the world that Japan had delivered a list of requisitions to her neighbour. On 28 January, the Mikado's Government, disturbed by the rumours and fearing their effect upon the United States, gave out, quite unofficially of course, through Reuter, a statement to the effect that the alleged information was "absolutely without foundation." At the same time, the Government informed London, Paris, and the other capitals that the news of the twenty-one demands which had appeared in the papers was not "authentic." At Washington the Japanese ambassador gave out assurances of "Japan's anxiety for the maintenance of the open-door policy in China and her desire for the preservation of the territorial integrity of the Chinese republic." In view of the flat denial issued by the ambassador, the Associated Press wired its representatives in Peking and Tokio to send "facts, not rumours."

The British minister in China, accustomed to the

¹ "The Twenty-One Demands"; "The Chino-Japanese Treaties"; "China, the United States, and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance." G. Zay Wood. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$2.00 each.

devious ways of diplomacy, was not deceived. He went straight to the Japanese minister at Peking and asked him point-blank about the rumoured demands. Only four short years before England and Japan had renewed their alliance to ensure "the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China." Being pressed by the English representative, the Japanese minister admitted that some demands had been presented; but he was quick to add that there were only eleven, not twenty-one as reported, and that they did not "infringe upon China's political independence, territorial integrity, or the rights of other foreign nations in China." This, says Mr. Wood, with great restraint, "bore little resemblance to the truth."

Then the bomb burst. On 1 April, an enterprising Japanese paper published the twenty-one demands in full. Tokio, with a low bow and a suave smile, said that there had been an error—that the demands in Group V of the original document represented "wishes" only. To this assurance the Chinese Government replied that it knew nothing of "wishes," and that all demands were demands to it. Still serene, the Japanese Government continued secretly to press its suggestions upon the reluctant Chinese Government; and finally, after delivering an ultimatum and hinting of the waiting doom, Tokio was able to wring from Peking, on 25 May, 1915, the approval of a long list of articles.

These demands were embodied in treaties and notes which occupy twenty-six pages of the Appendix to Mr. Wood's book. By these arrangements, China agreed (1) to approve in advance everything which the Japanese Government might do with respect to disposing of German rights, interests, and concessions in Shantung; (2) to open certain commercial ports in Shantung after consulting Japan; (3) to make no concessions of territory within Shantung to any foreign Power under any pretext; (4) to extend the Port Arthur and Dalny lease and the terms of the South Manchuria and Antung railways to ninety-nine years; and (5) to grant the Japanese a long list of rights and privileges in South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia.

Against these heavy obligations China protested at the time and continued to protest. Astute Chinese agents argued the case before the peace-conference at Paris in 1919, but Japan was obdurate. Mr. Lloyd George, who apparently had not heard of the twenty-one demands before, looked upon the matter (with regret, it is said) as ancient history. President Wilson, eager to safeguard the peace of the world by a League of Nations, sacrificed what he regarded as the minor issue to the greater. He left Japan secure in Shantung. The Chinese openly rejected the whole programme, and refused to sign the grand treaty of Versailles.

Then began the propaganda for China in the United States. Much of it sprang from a sincere desire to see a grievous wrong righted. Much of it was purely anti-Japanese. But the main support came from the American manufacturing, investing, and trading communities actively interested in extending the area of their operations in China. American distress over the conduct of Japan in the matter of the twenty-one demands, therefore, became acute. Such is the background for the great conference which was recently held in Washington.

Mr. Wood's three books, by no means overlooking the history of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, therefore deserve consideration at the hands of any person who wants to be informed on the subject of the Far East.

By way of supplement, Dr. Tyau's survey¹ of China's recent progress in education, industry, commerce, and government may be used to advantage. It is a rather tranquil and pleasant account of China's steady advance in Western ideals and methods. It will alarm no one, while it informs and amuses. Perhaps the most interesting part of it is the chapter that deals with the machinations of Japan at Paris. The plain record seems to show that the Chinese diplomats, especially Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, were as adept in their command of the supreme art of Western civilization as the Japanese themselves. Indeed, the Orientals appear to combine the methodology of Western diplomacy with the grave, sinuous, and sonorous rhetoric of the East. It is a wonderful combination. What China will do when her military power is equal to her requirements is a subject that calls for diverting reflection. Meanwhile, those grand old words "Open door," "Chinese territorial integrity," "Sincere desire to preserve peace and promote good will," "Equal privileges for all," etc. etc. etc. have a vitality that makes Methuselah look young. We are reminded of Morocco.

JOHN M. THOMPSON.

VERNAL TWITTERINGS.

SPRING is here, and once more the poets begin their pipings. But among them, as of old, there are not many who are born to attempt the daring versatility and charm of the mocking bird's or the nightingale's song. Most have studied but too thoroughly the lesson of "the wise thrush that sings each song twice over." With the modern minor poet, as studious of his own reputation as he is indifferent to the appeal of any singer whose work has not been hallowed and sanctioned by academic approval, a little goes a very long way indeed.

Mr. John Freeman has a slight but undeniable talent, and his poetry purls and meanders pleasantly like a brook; but alas, he seems to have determined to swell his verse to the volume of a river. In "The Red Path"² he develops the realism tinged with melodrama of Mr. Masfield; while in "The Wounded Bird" and throughout the volume of "Music"³ he spins his facility out to intolerable length. In "Music" alone, there are about seventy numbers, many of which might have been acceptable if kept to the dimensions of *lieder* or arias, but which are padded with verbiage into the most intolerable concerto exercises. For example, in "St. Bartholomew," he takes about forty-eight stanzas to describe a vision of London dispeopled and in ruin as a possible result of the late war. Poe, if he were alive, would have handled the same theme with unforgettable mastery in about half a dozen stanzas. Again, in "Disappearance," over three hundred and sixty lines are required to contrast the feelings of a man weary with civilization, who abandons his wife for a life in the woods, with the feelings of the wife on finding herself abandoned. Any Chinese poet of the seventh century could have written about this subject adequately in thirty or forty lines. Nor are these the only examples of the abuse of space in Mr. Freeman's volume.

Too much "recollection in tranquillity" and not enough primary emotion appears to be this poet's fault. Occasionally, as in "Now the Pied Spaniel Whines" or in "Let Me In," he gives an emotion freshly seen and remembered. It is, however, noteworthy that Mr. Freeman's emotions, even in these cases, are melancholy, resigned, muffled, obscured by an over-subjectivity of intellect. Such a singer can never be a great poet. He might be a better one if he wrote a great deal less often, and were a good deal less hampered by polite restraint in his ordinary approach to existence. One can not woo the muses successfully and preserve one's sense of dignity; these ladies have already

¹ "China Awakened." M. T. Z. Tyau. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

² "Two Poems: The Red Path and The Wounded Bird." John Freeman. Cambridge, Mass.: Dunster House Press. \$2.50.

³ "Music." John Freeman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

known too many lovers to set a high value upon correct drawing-room manners. Mr. Freeman has yet to make some use of his poetical equipment that will convince us that he was born to conquer his material.

If this is true of him, what can we say in favour of Sir Henry Newbolt? Here we have, naked and unashamed, the work of a writer who has achieved a reputation and a knighthood on the strength of a single theme, and a single lyric on that theme. Everybody in England and in America knows "Drake's Drum"—and the rest of Sir Henry's verses that are readable are manufactured of the same sterling ingredients. Drums and fifes and captains and admirals, quarter-decks and an off-shore breeze; all these are quite good enough in their way, but when we have heard about them for possibly the twentieth time they begin to pall. The trappings look tarnished and the machinery creaks:

So Westward ho! for Trinidad and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And 'Ship ahoy!' a hundred times a day:
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way!

Nor can we feel less like "a lame duck" when Sir Henry, as paladin of poetry and patriotism, drags us through some two hundred pages devoted to echoes from old ballad-singers, Shakespeare, and other excellent poets who did not win knighthoods for their achievements. In short the only real, palpitating, profound interest of this volume, apart from the drumming of Drakes, is in its dedication. Here it is, and I beg the judicious reader to make what he can of it: "To Edward, Viscount Grey of Falldon, K.C." *Noblesse oblige*. . . . Having heard great songsters in years past, our ears are fortunately unattuned to the screaming of strutting peacocks and the raucous clatter of pheasants.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

SHADOWS OF THE DUSK.

Most soldiers or war-workers whose duties led them behind or across the lines of communication can recall long, dreary hours spent in the twilight of railway-stations. The place and the circumstances were favourable to philosophic thought. Weather-beaten trains bearing the doomed and the shattered passed one another slowly or discharged their pitiful or tragic freight on the filthy platforms. The sounds and the light of the work-a-day world to which one had bidden farewell, filtered in through broken windows and doorless entrances. The *poilus* sleeping, like sacks flung down in corners, or propped against walls, the piles of baggage and merchandise stacked in mouldering pyramids, seemed symbols of a civilization dropping into deliquescence.

It is not too fanciful to suggest that some such memory may account for the pretty and fanciful title of Mlle. Ernst's record of her journey¹ in charge of a blinded French officer, around the rear of the German army in the late fall of 1914. A great part of this record, and the part which shows the keenest observation, treats of railway-travelling, of changes and transfers, of the unforgettable search for shelter in strange places by night.

A foreword tells us that the manuscript was lost or forgotten at Brussels during the four years of the war, and its publication at this date is apparently due to the happy accident of a rediscovery six years after it was penned. Mlle. Ernst is, on the whole, to be congratulated on the delay. Published at any time prior to 1919 the graceful and spirited volume would most certainly have been denounced as stealthy Teutonic propaganda. Published to-day it is a valuable foot-note to the "Myth of a Guilty Nation."

In company with a wounded and blinded French officer of middle age, who had been her patient in a hospital at Charleroi and whom the writer had undertaken to restore to wife and children, Mlle. Ernst, with great trouble, tact and sympathy, set her face against the current of the invading German army and, by way of Brussels, Aix-la-

Chapelle, Freiburg, Bâle, and Geneva, succeeded in gaining the French frontier with her pathetic charge. Her journey led her through a country ravaged by war; she was often within hearing of the distant cannonade, and every step was challenged by the victor. It is easy to understand what a William le Queux could have made of so precious an experience—the excursions and alarms, the subterfuges, the humiliations that would have attended the odyssey. It is disconcerting or heartening, as you choose, to hear that such petty annoyances as one may still experience in self-determined Europe were all that the travellers had to confront. Sentries were stupid but never malignant; officials were hidebound, but themselves suggested ways by which the harsh regulations might be circumvented; young girls came to the waiting-room, not to spit in the face of the "*français officier*," but to bring him cakes and tea, and, looking on the sealed eyes, to whisper their pity.

The pilgrims are in the "*salle des officiers*" at Mayence:

Through the curtain, drawn to one side, fair-haired young girls were looking at the wounded man. 'He's asleep. Is he quite blind? What a terrible thing!'

The ice was broken. A lounge chair was heaped with cushions and, timidly, *Fräulein Gerti* invited me to share five o'clock tea with herself and *Fräulein Erna*.

We had awakened Sinclair. I had hardly got to his bedside when *Fräulein Gerti* came in with something to eat. She was followed by a soldier carrying a bunch of violets. 'It's the captain's orderly,' said the nurse. 'He is bringing these for the French officer.' The lad turned scarlet, put the violets in my hand, and, without a word, bolted.

Just as the express started, a guard with a lantern came to see if he could do anything for us. 'The train is packed,' he said. 'A lot of people will have to stand. I'm going to lock the door so you won't be disturbed. I shall pass from time to time, and, if you want me, call me.'

It need not be inferred from such passages as these that "*Silhouettes Crépusculaires*" is an apologia for Germany at war. The book is full of other passages in which the hatred of the invaded for the invader, the indignation of a civilization conceivably finer at the mercy of one conceivably coarser, are presented with quite orthodox fervour. The occasional discussions on the causes and ends of the war are internal evidence of the book's authenticity, fully as convincing as the photographs of passports and permits with which the authoress has thought it prudent to illustrate her narrative. Such a document, nevertheless, in which nothing is extenuated and nothing set down with malice prepense, comes like a shy herald of better and saner things. H. L. S.

PLEAS IN AVOIDANCE.

HOWEVER it may have been in the past, the primary need with respect to the American newspaper to-day is objectivity. Attractiveness of make-up, financial stability, literary quality, editorial logic, are of little moment in the face of this fundamental necessity. The American people, if they are ever to improve substantially their economic system and their Government, must possess the facts about daily events; and for these facts the average citizen depends on the newspapers. Until the newspapers put objectivity above everything else they will fail to present the facts accurately and fairly.

While the average reader is perhaps not aware of all this, his chief complaint against the newspaper is that it can not be depended upon. The tendency of the editor is not to meet this issue squarely. He chooses to argue that the present-day newspaper is better than the newspaper of fifty years ago, or that the average newspaper-reporter is a better observer than the average individual outside the journalistic profession, both of which facts may be true if they are not illuminating. Or he may maintain that there is no issue regarding the accuracy of the news and that the real problem is something else altogether.

This is the attitude which Mr. Elmer Davis assumes in his history of the *New York Times*.¹ Mr. Davis main-

¹ "Poems, New and Old." Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.00.

² "*Silhouettes Crépusculaires*." Carola Ernst. Brussels: Henri Lamertin.

¹ "History of the *New York Times*, 1851-1921." Elmer Davis. New York: The *New York Times*. \$2.00.

tains with great gusto that the criticism directed towards the *Times* and other conservative newspapers by radicals (a term that apparently includes, to his mind, all persons less conservative than himself, except the editors of the *New York World*, whom he admits to the title of "liberal"), is based on the fact that the *Times* adopts a conservative policy on its editorial page.

Much of this antipathy to the *Times* [he says] is, then, mere recognition of the fact that the paper has opinions of which it is not ashamed, and which it advocates with all the vigour that its editors are able to command. In the frequent denunciations of its policies, which its editors read with interest, there are many which are quite obviously not directed at the *Times* as an individual newspaper, but at the *Times* as the most prominent, powerful, and easily recognizable representative of a whole school of opinion.

Every now and then Mr. Davis reverts to the matter of accuracy of the news, as if some suggestion that it has been challenged had come up from his subconscious mind. He promptly dismisses it with such a statement as: "The news represented by the paper should not be, and that of the *Times* is not, influenced by editorial policies." Or he nominates his publication for the position of the world's greatest newspaper in phrases like the following: "Its news-gatherers may overlook some things. Its editors may make mistakes in dealing with what they have to give the public, but there can be no very serious doubt that the *Times* makes fewer mistakes of this sort than its contemporaries." Nowhere does he mention the elaborate examination by Messrs. Walter Lippmann and Charles Merz of the *Times* news-stories dealing with Russia, which was published in the *New Republic* in 1920. He does not even suggest that any serious criticism of this sort has ever been brought against the *Times*. An uninformed reader of his book would be led to suppose that nobody objects to the *New York Times* except for its editorial policy, and that this criticism, being directed against conservatism, is highly creditable to the newspaper.

It is perfectly obvious why this little matter of inaccurate news is disregarded. Both Mr. Davis, who writes the history, and Mr. Adolph Ochs, the publisher of the paper, who writes the introduction, are honest men, but they see opinions rather than facts. Neither of them has an objective mind. Mr. Davis distinguishes Thomas Jefferson with the title of dilettante radical. Horace Greeley he considers a parlour-bolshevik. By the time he gets to the twentieth century, he has convinced himself that the jabberwock of radicalism purposes to eat up all the little conservative children, simply because they are conservative. The average publisher probably wants to get out a fair and accurate newspaper and thinks he does, but how is it possible when his mind is flooded by such opinions as these? Objectivity is not something that can be picked up on the street, or even in the classrooms of journalism; and curiously enough, most young men who look forward to journalism as a profession seem to reach this objectivity with an effort. It is extremely difficult for them to write news-stories which do not express or imply opinions; and whenever possible they revert to type. There is no hope for much better American newspapers until those who by inheritance or training are objective-minded, enter newspaper-work as reporters, editors and publishers. In the profession of journalism honesty of conviction is no substitute for objectivity.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD.

THE ART OF FICTION-WRITING

THE novel has run a course of nearly two hundred years, and now in "The Craft of Fiction" Mr. Percy Lubbock notes regretfully that the principles governing the proper method of fiction still remain unformulated. Fiction-writing in its social aspects has indeed had attention: Mr. Wilson Follett, for example, has concerned himself in two painstaking books with the moral responsibilities of the story-spinner. Other views over the large new field

have been taken by other eyes from other points of vantage, but fiction, simply as a craft, has not stood, until very recently, upon any satisfactory basis: Mr. Lubbock feels poignantly that many of the novelists themselves have no great heed for method, but incline to tell their stories—as we may say informally—"anyhow"; certainly without much consciousness of underlying theory. As a concerned and conscientious amateur, a counsellor of perfection, he now exerts himself to provide this theory—or, rather, to indicate how it has been provided finally, how followed, and by whom.

Mr. Lubbock limits himself to a dozen war-horses of fiction and cites only works with which everybody is familiar: Tolstoy, Flaubert, Thackeray, Dickens and Meredith lead up to the grand climax, and consideration of "Clarissa Harlowe," "Eugénie Grandet" and "Anna Karenina" furnishes various shadings and qualifications and lets us down from it. What is this climax? Try to think. Who, up to now, has been omitted? What Cato is still absent from the Forum? By page 100 the thing begins to dawn; by page 130 it brightens; and on page 145 it is explicitly declared—a revelation like that of the Grail in the "Lohengrin" overture. The angelic host, soaring above the American expatriates in the bright, clear air of Paris, descends upon Strether and Chad and Maria Gostrey and Mme. de Vionnet, and unveils the mystery. In a word, the climax is Henry James; he is the one far-off, divine event towards which the art of fiction, through several generations, has been moving. In a second and more specific word, the climax is James's "The Ambassadors." Not for nothing that unobtrusive yet portentous line on the jacket of Mr. Lubbock's book: "Editor of the Letters of Henry James." James, our author holds, alone has known how to "do it," and he alone has done it.

How have novelists told their stories heretofore? How ought they to tell them hereafter? These two queries give us Mr. Lubbock's thesis: "The whole intricate question of method, in the craft of fiction, I take to be governed," says he, "by the question of the point of view—the question of the relation in which the narrator stands to the story." His constant assumption is that the novel postulates a point of view which is not that of the reader. Without such a "selecting, interpreting, composing minister," what results is "unmixed drama," and unmixed drama is commonly impracticable and undesirable in a novel. No, the "right" novel requires the "seeing eye" and results in the "distinctively pictorial." However, the pictorial novel is bettered and heightened by drama in its proper place—notably at its climax.

The narrator may tell the story as he himself sees it. The market-place may believe—yet not always: the storyteller sometimes grows conscious of a misgiving—his mere "say-so" is no longer potent. The narrator may set up a fresh narrator who is in the story: then the author is dramatized and assertions gain in weight. The author's voice is disguised in the voice of his spokesman, and the story, freed from sanctions merely external, becomes self-contained. Yet another stage: the mind of the narrator or spokesman may be brought into view at different moments, according as it is brushed by new experiences, and thus glimpses may be multiplied until the silent change under portrayal is apparent; the innumerable images of thought crowding across the stage express the story in their behaviour. Thus James; thus Strether in "The Ambassadors." His thoughts are presented as *dramatis personæ*, and the picture of his mind is transformed into an enacted play. A cursory and crude account of Mr. Lubbock's ideas: one hardly dares be as leisurely and expatiatory as Mr. Lubbock himself.

With this high and rather exclusive criterion established—or anticipated—the author tests certain well-known works. Most of these, in one way or another, fall short. Tolstoy's "War and Peace" fails, for example, in unity. Despite the explicitness of its title, its prodigious members—to continue a course between paraphrase and direct quotation—are disparate and disorganized. They will not coalesce; and a novel can not take shape until it has a subject, whole and irreducible, for its support. Tolstoy

¹"The Craft of Fiction," Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

wavers between two distinct subjects and the book suffers. "The Ambassadors," *per contra*, has unity; Strether goes to Paris to rescue Chad and himself succumbs to French charm, or nearly.

"Madame Bovary" fares better. However, Flaubert's approach seems casual, and he "tells his story in various ways": the question of the right point of view continues perplexing. But for this fault poor Emma Bovary is probably herself to blame. "Her intelligence is much too feeble and fitful to give a sufficient account of her world": the author himself has sometimes to come out into the open, aiding and supplementing her. How much better a Strether, with the intellectual capacity for his task!

Thackeray—a side-stepper, seemingly. Though the piercing and momentary shaft of direct vision is effective again and again, yet again and again "the big scene is approached and then refused." Nowhere the *gran rifinto* more noticeable than in "Vanity Fair": the Waterloo ball "wasted"; Becky's triumph at Gaunt House quite muffled; and when the great *scène à faire* comes off—Becky, Rawdon and Steyne—the clear daylight of preceding chapters seems to be succeeded by the flare of the foot-lights: Thackeray's lack of capacity for drama becomes apparent.

Unexpected praise for "David Copperfield"—however much Dickens may seem, to many minds, deficient in unity and in grasp of conscious theory. Commonly too, he lets his taste for melodrama steal over his story and dominate it. "In 'Copperfield,' for once, he took another way." David himself is little, yet all that he ought to be. The story is one of what happened around him, not within. David offers a pair of eyes and a memory—nothing further is demanded of him.

Yet more may be demanded of other first-person heroes. Harry Richmond, for example: Meredith brought in turn to the judgment-bar. Harry himself, as youth, is the subject; recalling his past he merely *describes* his emotions. But drama is needed: Harry's consciousness ought to be dramatized. Here, our author concludes, the dramatizing force of the first person gives out. Harry, like Chad, should have had his Strether.

Praise, too, for Eugénie Grandet. Balzac does not, it is true, render the effect of the slow lapse of years in Eugénie's long spinsterhood—indeed, he almost gives the entire matter up. Yet, at the beginning, he so thoroughly establishes the milieu of her martyrdom that the pictorial features of the subject persist in a grand drive, and even penetrate and fill the possible vacuum wherein the drama should have transacted itself. Imagine vacancies in James!

A second low mark for Tolstoy. In "Anna Karenina" the method of the book "does not arise out of the subject." Here Tolstoy "has refused to linger over any kind of pictorial introduction": Anna's passion has to be assumed on the word of the author. The book is a series of dramatic episodes, but the major matter remains unprepared for. Yet all will agree that the preparatory pages of "The Ambassadors" are adequate.

Here, then, are some of the figures that are utilized to make a great man greater and to magnify the novelty and validity of his method. Mr. Lubbock's careful pages are full of instruction for the amateur of the novel—and full of disquietude for such readers as have been paying unstudied deference to the princes of fiction. Yet his inquiry is limited in scope, as has been said, and it produces limited results. An avenue of excuse seems open to the student: abstract method is one thing, and an interestingly humanized employment of it is another. It is praiseworthy to have found the sound, and seemingly ultimate, way of practice in novel-writing, and to have proffered some significant examples of its application. Yet an enhancement of the method, on lines of a more popular appeal, is open to the Tolstoy, Thackerays and Merediths of the future. Even the Galileos, Keplers and Newtons have left something for their successors to add, develop, adjust and make more viable. New methods may arise, and indeed seem to be rising to-day. Even none of these, however novel, however successful, may be ultimate.

HENRY B. FULLER.

SHORTER NOTICES.

MR. DRINKWATER's historical personages grow paler and paler. The infusion of reality which endowed his "Abraham Lincoln" with distinction had faded out of the picture by the time he reached "Mary Stuart," while his "Oliver Cromwell,"¹ the latest of the series, fares no better. Where Mary Stuart attained emotional flights only in occasional hot flashes, Cromwell has to be content with sober gestures and an implied exaltation. In a strict sense, this is not a play but a succession of tableaux—pictorially appealing, but not even cumulative in dramatic interest. Subsidiary figures have in several instances been more distinctly drawn than the central character.

L. B.

If "The White Riband: or A Young Female's Folly"² were not a tale of tragic passion and death it would make an excellent gift-book for little girls. It is a story of the exaltations and agonies of childhood, in itself almost as grim as Wedekind's analyses of adolescence; but it is treated as lightly as if it were a theme from the "Child's Garden of Verses." Not that Miss Tennyson Jesse has a superficial view of the child-soul; her touch is light to the point of frivolity, but it lays bare the truth: and the truth is so incongruous with the style that it destroys one's appreciation of the book as a delicate bit of pastiche. At the same time, the faintly satirical reproduction of early Victorian atmosphere, which is delightful in itself, gives an air of foolish flippancy to the little tragedy about which it is spun. The truth and the charm tend to destroy one another, and the effect of the whole is heartless, not to say tasteless.

V. G.

CONSIDERING that mathematicians continue to be assailed by circle-squarers, and that physicists must still endure tests of the possibility of perpetual-motion machines, anthropologists should not grow unduly querulous over the freak schemes periodically concocted by ignorant outsiders for the reformation of their relatively new science. Nevertheless, it requires a considerable amount of humour to skim the pages of the latest literary atrocity in this line³ without some indignation over the author's delusions of grandeur. Heaven forbid the enforcement of the pedant's command that the cobbler shall stick to his last! but let the cobbler realize that other trades demand other tools. The tools of scientific work, in other words, the methods of organized common sense, are evidently not such as Dr. Churchward has been trained to handle. He speaks as one who by some peculiar gift of clairvoyance is able to interpret the observations of other men, and unravel the true meaning that prior to his own inspection remained hidden. An astonishing racial classification is presented in which cultural and bodily traits are naïvely combined. In this scheme the Pigmy plays a prominent part. The author tells us that this race "has never been taken into consideration at all" (p. 4), though Kollmann's theory of human evolution was based on his conception of the Pigmy types. The Tasmanians were not Pigmies, and when their skull (with an index of not quite seventy-four) is described as "neither long nor short," Dr. Churchward betrays an astonishing unfamiliarity with technical nomenclature. Incidentally, contrary to the blunt assertion that the Pigmy race lacks initiatory rites, the Andaman Islanders were long ago found to practise a fairly elaborate series of these ceremonies. Among the more amusing errors (p. 418) may be noted the statement that the language of the Dakotes [*sic*], *vulgo* Sioux, "was the same as the Welsh"—a variation of Catlin's hypothesis regarding the Mondan, which, except when exploited for local consumption by hard-up North Dakotan country editors, has enjoyed merited oblivion for half a century. As a sample of accuracy may be cited the author's treatment of the Turkana of East Africa, whose stature in one district is said to average seven feet, while the legend of the corresponding plate asserts the related Jieng to be over eight feet high. Needless to say, no actual measurements are cited. But why multiply examples of Dr. Churchward's point of view? Let one basic position suffice to characterize it—his belief that 300,000 years ago the Wise Men of Egypt had attained incredible heights of insight, and that "the Greeks and Romans copied and gained most of their knowledge from the Egyptians, did not improve upon it, but perverted much of the truth." (pp. 470, 67). *Sapienti sat!* It is distressing that such trash should be published in enticing form, with abundant and in part excellent photographs, by a reputable publishing firm.

R. H. L.

¹ "Oliver Cromwell." John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

² "The White Riband." F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

³ "The Origin and Evolution of the Human Race." Albert Churchward. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$12.50.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

SENATOR DEPEW has lately told us how he used to make up his after-dinner speeches. He would go home from his office and lie down for a quarter of an hour; then he would study his table of engagements and set to work. This happened about three evenings in every week. If he had good luck he would be able to arrive in time for dinner; often, however, his speech was slow in coming and he was delayed till the toastmaster was already on his feet. Did he use a dictionary of quotations? According to Mr. W. Gurney Benham, the most recent compiler of one of these collections of gems and household words,¹ as they were called of old, there is nothing like such a work for saving a speaker time, trouble and anxiety. He has only to dip into it to find the most striking phrases of his predecessors on almost every subject; it will also serve to guide him to ideas that might otherwise never have occurred to him. No need to fear that one will be left in the lurch when one can have at one's tongue's end a succession of fancies and phrases that have been plucked from the choicest flower-beds of literature. One feels certain somehow that Senator Depew could not have neglected this resource.

THE appearance of a new rival of Bartlett reminds us, however, that dictionaries of quotations are as little permanent as the manners and customs and the modes of thinking and feeling upon which they depend for their effectiveness. What, in fact, is a "quotation"? Says Mr. Benham: "The humble, unpopular test of 'utility' is the best, let the connoisseurs rail as they will." But what, in this connexion, is utility? Such a sentiment as Addison's "Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought" has certainly ceased to be useful: there is not a speaker alive who could employ it on any conceivable occasion, nor is it the sort of expression that any modern reader would be tempted to trace to its origin. Of how many other quotations that were called familiar a generation ago might not the same thing be said? When a phrase requires an apology or an explanation it has ceased to exist for ordinary intercourse, and how many of the lines and the *mots* that were celebrated in the nineteenth century have become in our day veritable tags that one can not recite even with a smile? Add to this the fact that a new generation is growing up which knows neither the Bible nor Shakespeare nor any of those other quarries from which the "gems" of the past were extracted, and one can not but feel that the days of the familiar quotation are numbered.

It is a fact, a related fact no doubt, that virtually no modern phrases have gained a universal currency. Such politico-economic tags as "the strenuous life" and "the white man's burden" prove the rule: what author of the last thirty years can one quote with any assurance that the quotation will be recognized? This is certainly not because modern authors are lacking in wit, felicity or a pithy style: there has hardly ever been such an age of epigrams as the age of Wilde, Chesterton and Shaw. But how many of these epigrams are, or promise to become, familiar? Mr. Benham has kept up with the times in his reading and has included all these authors in his pages; yet, well acquainted as most of us are with Shaw, for instance, his happiest phrases, read afresh, rise up out of the unknown. There are, to be sure, many reasons for this. The great literate reading public that once formed a sort of common family has been dispersed, and many smaller groups have taken its place. Then, too, our contemporary literature is much more a literature of the intelligence than of the feelings and therefore less universal than that of the past. Again, if there is anything with which it fails to consort it is the comfortable emotions that normally precede the true after-dinner speech. "After a good dinner," said Oscar Wilde, "one can forgive anybody, even one's own relations." But the last person to flatter that mood is the typical writer of our day.

¹"A Dictionary of Classified Quotations," W. Gurney Benham, New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$5.00.

In public speaking the quotation has gone down before the anecdote; from the written page it has vanished altogether. One may search many a book of modern essays from cover to cover without encountering a phrase that has not risen immediately out of the subject with which the author happens to be dealing. Gone for ever are those favourite lines from Shakespeare, Milton, Byron that once adorned the pages of the English essayists—"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms," "Like echoes whispering where great armies be," "Lord of my learning, and no land beside." The essayist of to-day is homelier and shrewder, or more colloquial, than the essayist of the past: above all, he prides himself on his directness, his concentration upon the particular subject. Aside from this he is almost obliged to assume—it is one of the ironies of modern literature—that everybody knows everything. This is one of the unhappy consequences of the civilization of the nineteenth century: what aspect of history, of the world's culture was not exploited and popularized by the writers of that epoch? If the contemporary essayist is rather chary of allusions, it is partly because he is afraid of calling up trains of association that lead not to the great relics of the human spirit but to the descriptions, the explanations, the interpretations of them which, owing to the universal influence of the writers of the immediate past, have rendered them in their naked actuality all but inaccessible to the popular mind. The allusion and the quotation have disappeared together.

FROM the point of view of the modern reader the best book of quotations would be a commonplace-book, one, that is to say, in which the editor followed his own fancy, without regard to the official "gems." Familiarity breeds contempt in literature as in other things, and the age of ignorance upon which we are apparently entering will have had its use if it restores to the classics that element of strangeness without which they can hardly impress themselves upon our minds. The trouble with most books of quotations, moreover, is that they have a tendency to deal too exclusively with a single literature. Mr. Benham's includes passages from a handful of living English and American authors; he quotes from a few of the French, German, Spanish and Italian classics; he finds room even for a fragment or two of Ibsen. On the whole, however, his work is largely a duplicate of Bartlett's; and what a pleasure it would be if, since books of quotations are in order, we might have one whose author had ranged over the whole field of modern letters, without regard to nationality, transcribing the short passages that seemed to him quintessential in writers as remote from one another as Mazzini and Brandes, Tolstoy and Anatole France, Nietzsche and Henry Adams, William James, Croce and "Æ," not to mention the sages of India and China, whose ancient wisdom is as fresh to us as that of the most recent French philosopher. Strangeness *instead* of familiarity, strangeness combined with genuine insight: how good that would be as the *sine qua non* of inclusion in such a book. Modern writers would read it as they will not read the ordinary collection of "household words"; and it would help them to get a new perspective such as they have lost in the very familiarity of the old.

THE REVIEWER recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Readers and Writers," by A. R. Orage. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75.

"Vergil: a Biography," by Tenney Frank. New York: Henry Holt and Co. \$2.00.

"The Story of the Irish Nation," by Francis Hackett. New York: The Century Co. \$2.50.

"Calvary," by Octave Mirbeau. Translated by Louis Rich. New York: Lieber and Lewis. \$2.00.

"Lord Byron's Correspondence," edited by John Murray. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$8.50.

"The Cook's Wedding and Other Stories," by Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

WHO shall say that the East is "effete" and the West "pristine"?
The FREEMAN seems to be needed where the sun rises and where it sets.

The FREEMAN as a farm paper.

THE FREEMAN's mail bag demonstrates that although there be forty-eight States in the Union there are forty-eight thousand states of mind, political and economic beliefs, creeds, philosophies and ideals.

Look on this extract from a letter written by one of those invaluable volunteer promoters of the FREEMAN who fire us with their enthusiasm for the paper. He writes pessimistically from Spokane, Washington:

This is a dying town (gained 400 in ten years) a shepherd town (unless you are a Westerner you can't realize what an insult that is) a somewhat larger Gopher Prairie. A town of 100,000—one second-hand bookstore—3 bookstores. Stock company—plays Al Woods's bedroom stuff. Three to six hotels raided daily for booze and dope. Seventeen high-school kids in jail in latest scandalous affair. Big sellers here are *Police Gazette*—*Quirt*—*Whiz Bang*—*Jim Jam Jems*—Hearst's magazines—*Snappy Stories*—*Parisienne*—*Western Stories*—*Top Notch*—*Adventure*—that stuff. Enclosed clipping from last night's *Spokane Press* sums it up.

And here, just to show you what the town thinks of itself, we append part of the article by Alma Maynard in the *Spokane Press*. There is hope in the thought that a community is on its way to improvement as soon as it becomes conscious of its shortcomings.

What kind of magazines is Spokane reading?

"Trash," says the man who picks 'em out for the customers at a magazine salesroom on Riverside. "They eat up this stuff," indicating with a swinging foot several piles of *Luscious Stories*, *Scented Fiction* and other magazines which appeal openly to "red-blooded" citizens or less ostensibly if no less blatantly to prurience.

He will hand you this month's *Hophead's Delight* if you ask for it, but he hates to see you waste your mental powers on literary narcotics. His own reading is done in the *Freeman*, the *Dial*, the *Bookman*, an occasional worth-while piece of writing in the *New Republic*, with a dip now and then into *Vanity Fair* for a fillip.

The *Nation* he considers is too much like the *New York Sun*. He likes the *Atlantic Monthly* in its less stodgy moments. He bewails the oblivion that is engulfing *Pearson's* and its editor, Frank Harris. He agrees with Harris that "people don't want to think."

Except—while the worst magazines are getting worse, and the good magazines of a former day are getting more milky and innocuous, the best periodicals of to-day are getting better and more people are reading 'em, says this observer. . . .

An interruption. "Dirty Stories? Yes sir," and he salts away another two bits in the cash register. "You see," he shakes his head as he comes back, "they don't want to think."

Let us pass into a rarer atmosphere where "high thinking" still prevails. Here is a man from Stafford, Conn. who reveals wisdom and expresses himself with directness:

If I selected a motto for the *Freeman*, it would be your own words, "radicalism does not mean bombs." I do not like the appellation Freemanites: it sounds like Hittites, Midianites or some other ites that made their section of the earth a place of misery. I like the word *Freeman*. I am not connected with any organization of any kind and I enjoy life. I think as much as any person living, certainly more than many who are weighted with badges, or who "belong" to this or that order, or denomination. Now why should I, a workingman, who has to use a dictionary every time he reads the *Freeman*, enjoy its pages? Evidently it is a paper intended for scholars—well, if you can tell me why I love to hear the "Hallelujah Chorus," view a sunset, or revel in Shakespeare, then perhaps I can explain why I enjoy the *Freeman*. There is no "funny column" in the *Freeman*, yet my risibles are stirred by reading "Current Comment" more than by reading an avowedly comic paper, and yet the *Freeman* is serious reading. When I read your comment a few weeks ago on China's open door I laughed, not a loud guffaw of course, but quiet wavy ripples all over my body. I think you ought to charge a doctor's fee for such experiences. How my dear old grandfather in Wales, a reader of *Reynolds's Newspaper* and the *Family Herald*, would have enjoyed the *Freeman*! Well, I must close. Let me say that I was delighted with the "Christmas Number" of the *Freeman*.

MANY of our habitual readers in large cities and industrial centres forget that the millions in small towns and on farms are as deeply interested in public affairs as they are. The rural reader gets more time to read and more time to think. It is a mistake to think that the farmer is devoted solely to cattle and crops, and that the villager thinks only in terms of his limited environment. These citizens, the majority of our population, are more essential to the nation's well-being than the lawyers and stock-brokers, and they are, ultimately, more influential. We want the FREEMAN to become a farm-paper in the best sense and, as our present circulation is chiefly in big communities, we ask the aid of our readers in bringing the paper to the notice of rural readers. If you know a farmer, let us send him sample copies; if you are interested in a very small town, we suggest that you buy a subscription for its library. Help to get the FREEMAN to more men like the man from Stafford.